

# COUNTRY LIFE

**THE** JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

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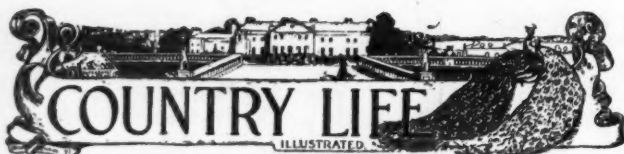
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PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCESS VICTORIA OF TECK.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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## THE QUESTION . . . OF THE HOUR.

**H**ORSES, and still more horses, are the urgent need of the hour. Before the march to Kimberley one of the clearest brains in South Africa had foreseen this and let us know it at home. Mr. Rudyard Kipling has only sent three public messages home—the first, that remounts must be sent; the second, that Cape traitors must be brought to justice; and the third, a reminder of the first, that horses must be sent. What has happened since has borne out this forecast more fully than could have been foreseen by the most experienced colonial, for the colonial horses have not greatly suffered; but of the imported horses many never recovered condition, and “went under” early. The rest of those with Lord Roberts’s force were, if not actually starved to death, killed off or made useless by want of food and want of water. The force which actually started on French’s cavalry ride was about 6,000. They went for two days without water, and this in a burning sun. Food was also scarce. The result was that when Lord Roberts wired to French to pursue and head off Cronje only 1,200 horses were fit to be ridden, and when they did overtake the Boers they were going at a walk. Only hardened animals, in fine condition and used to desert work, could stand this kind of thing. By the time the whole army reached Bloemfontein the condition of all the horses, not only those in the cavalry brigade, was most

distressing. They were nearly starved. “Sore backs,” wrote one officer, “are not the exception, but almost universal.” Anyone who knows anything at all about horses, and the conditions which make this kind of thing possible, will realise at once what this means. The army will practically have to be remounted, and until that is done it will remain immovable, for the Boer raiders to ride round, annoy, and harass with little danger and increasing confidence.

The Director of Remounts in this country states that 6,000 horses are now on the ocean travelling to Cape Town. Much will depend on the condition in which these horses arrive. If they are “run down” they will need nursing for at least a month, and unless the war is to be protracted for two months beyond its natural limits it is the animals either actually in the colony or now arriving there, not those ordered a fortnight ago, which will make our two fine armies something more than floated garrisons. As they are disembarked the horses are sent to rest camps to get into condition and recruit after the voyage. By all accounts their condition when they are disembarked is usually very creditable to the shippers. Their state varies; but there is evidence that with proper care they can be transported over very long distances of sea without injury. “Low diet, washing out stalls with sea-water, and daily exercise” are the means most recommended. The New Zealanders’ horses arrived almost fit to go to the front at once; the Canadian animals were nearly as fit. Best of all were the Burmah ponies; they came from Rangoon, yet were in excellent fettle and ready for use in a few days; their coats were quite sleek, and their bodies as sound as when they started. One of the Cape papers gave a detailed account of the kind and condition of all the horses landed with troops. The Artillery horses—our good ‘bus horses many of them—were “models of strength and activity.” The chargers of the Dragoons and Hussars were also much admired, but looked too heavy; the Australian horses were both large and in excellent order. All these were brought over by the men who were to ride them, and they naturally did all they could to keep their future mounts in condition. But it must not be assumed that the “trade horses” bought and sent over seas from other lands than ours, or our colonies, were neglected on the high seas. They were not, but were delivered in a state which does credit to all concerned, buyers, shippers, and sellers. Those from South America and the Argentine were especially good, both in quality and health. “As sleek as moles,” in the opinion of their interviewer, they struck him as just the right animals for the work. They were “thick-set, strongly-built little horses, too large to be called ponies, up to a good weight, and likely to be very serviceable.” Lastly, a very large number of the light and active colonial horses were available for the mounted infantry.

So long as these horses could be sent up to the rest camps for so long as was needed in each case, and got into condition, they were sound when once at the front; but no horse in this world can carry a man when it is not fed, and that, to be quite plain, is what happened on the way to Bloemfontein. The great convoy lost on the Riet River had something to do with this; but there is no doubt that in any case the feeding of the horses would have been a severe trial for any commissariat in a forced march over such ground at this season of the year. Meantime, the remounts should all have been accumulating at the rest camps at Stellenbosch and elsewhere. It is very much to be feared that they did not arrive in proper number in time for this necessary period of rest. It is our pleasant duty to record the success of the ocean transport of our horses; but the account published on Tuesday last by a military correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* shows that, however good their treatment on board ship, there is, or was at the time of writing, something desperately amiss with the arrangements on shore. His account of what happened to a shipload of horses sent out from England, but not under the charge of the men who were to ride them, and subsequently sent up country in open trucks, with very little food or water, in charge of Kaffirs, needs no comment. We quote it not to dispirit our readers, but as evidence of the desperate need at the front, and of the appalling suffering to animal life caused by dawdling and “putting off” doing the necessary thing at home. If these poor beasts had been sent out three weeks earlier we should not have this kind of thing to read: “Our Army authorities on the spot have taken over a superfluous cargo of horses belonging to the Imperial Yeomanry; and two days ago 500 were brought here. Very fair horses, too, they might become, could they be rested, fed, and exercised for a quiet month or so. But, as they arrived, I am compelled to say, they looked awful. Three died in the evening, and two foals were born that night. It is more than possible that, amid the rush of work and the limit of space at Cape Town, the Yeomanry remounts had scant attention after landing. The long road journey to Stellenbosch Camp no doubt put the finishing touch upon frames already weakened by a severe voyage. But, arrived here, impossible is the only word that gives any idea of their present unsuitableness for campaigning. Yet they have to go forward as fast as their shoeing can be accomplished. Already they seem, to a certain extent, reviving, but the trials of that prolonged and half-tended



railway journey are still before them, and I see no prospect on the part of at least a hundred that they will ever do useful work for any branch of Her Majesty's forces."

Why they should be "half-tended" is inexplicable, except on the general principle that Africa is the land *par excellence* of indifference to animal suffering. But the conclusion of the whole matter is this. The remounts to fill up gaps after the long-planned march on Bloemfontein were not in time and not adequate. The result is appalling suffering and a loss in cash value, and cruelty, followed by military disabilities enough to "stagger humanity" in the literal sense. What we have to do is to remember and realise now that there are two campaigns not less trying than the march to Bloemfontein before us. The first will be the clearing of the Free State and the taking of Kroonstad; the second, the march on Pretoria. For each we must allow a loss or disablement of horses equal to the first. We have got the men out there, perhaps we shall need no more. Let us now make the provision of remounts and of horses of all kinds our instant and absorbing care. Money we have in plenty, and the men. With horses and the wherewithal to feed them we should be in Pretoria by Christmas.



NOT since the Queen of Holland, on the morning after her coronation, issued a pathetic appeal by way of proclamation to her faithful subjects, has there been anything quite so funny as Sir Alfred Milner's manifesto which appeared on Monday last. The Dutch Queen had not been crowned really, since that was contrary to the Constitution, but she had been installed, and she had taken a solemn oath, and she had made an august speech with queenly emphasis, and she had passed through a very tiring ceremony. Then she had retired to the Royal Palace in the Dam. It is a palace with no curtilage, no enclosure; the streets come right up to it on all its four sides, and the sound of a people rejoicing had kept her awake all night. The effect of the Royal Proclamation was, in three words, "Moderate your transports."

Sir Alfred Milner's appeal to Society, and especially to ladies, small and great, is conceived in something of the same spirit, and it has the endorsement and approval of Lord Roberts. Mention is made of visitors to the Cape "who seem to have no particular call of duty or business." It is pointed out that they interfere with the work of the military and civil offices, it is suggested that they would stay at home if they knew that their presence was a hindrance rather than a help, but on that point there is room for doubt. It is added, by way of argument, that persons who go to the Cape simply because it is the fashion, are causing a vast increase in the expenses of those who must be there in any case, but again there is room for doubt whether the persons appealed to will be influenced by this appeal. To go is the fashion, and Dame Fashion is, and always has been, ruthless, whether the question be one of humane treatment of animals, of horses under tight bearing reins or of egrets, for example, or of human suffering.

Meanwhile Sir Alfred Milner is to be congratulated upon his moral courage, for he runs the risk of incurring a good deal of abuse from those who "have no particular call of duty or business." The only hope for him in this direction is that the vast majority of the ladies addressed will certainly think that the appeal applies to others than themselves; and after all there are few of us who have not friends in the Army in Africa. But there remains behind a solid substratum of serious folk honestly shocked with the manner in which the war has been exploited, who will be delighted that Sir Alfred Milner has spoken in so straightforward a tone. The fact of the matter is that good works, or the semblance of them in connection with the war, have become a fashionable, a public, and a pleasant penance. They are a way of "saving your soul," as they say in Ireland, and of letting everybody know that you are doing it; and the spectacle is not ennobling.

But the fashion itself is as old as the everlasting hills. It is satirised very gently but very forcibly in *Vanity Fair*. As one scans the lists of passengers sailing for the Cape, all of which are sent with very great care to all the newspapers, it is impossible not to think of Becky Sharp, who had "a duty or business," although she did not care two straws about either, and had a purpose which was nefarious, and of gentle Amelia Osborne with her breaking heart, and of Joseph Sedley, the timorous Nabob, who had no more business in the neighbourhood of Brussels just before Waterloo than a dozen people whom we could name have in Cape Town at this moment. Let us also hope, however, that there will be no panic at Cape Town similar to that which compelled poor Joseph to shave off his moustachios and to abandon his military air. But, after all, though we should continue to get on favourably at the Cape, the panic may come notwithstanding, for it will be remembered there is really not the slightest reason why Mr. Sedley should have been frightened at all. Joseph Sedley took to his heels in spite of Waterloo.

In fact, there are two places of popular resort at this moment, and one other, which, we say without regret, is quite losing the prosperity which fashion used to give to it. That place is the Riviera, and it must be admitted that France has deserved to lose English money. Next comes South Africa, which is at present anxious to be left alone, and, finally, there is Dublin, in which every house during the past week has been crammed from ground floor to garret. There visitors have passed through some strange experiences. On entering a large hotel in which you do not happen to be staying, your passage is barred until you have given the name of somebody staying in the house. Then you are left standing in the hall while your friend is being looked for, and if your friend is not found you are obliged to leave the licensed house. It is true that robberies have been carried out on quite a large scale, and that the number of the swell mob present in Dublin in these days is quite considerable. But all the same, it is not entirely pleasant to be treated as if one might be a member of that fraternity, and the writer of this particular note, having had this treatment measured out to him at a hotel at which he has stayed many weeks in days gone by, feels some natural sense of grievance. In due course he will make reprisals.

There is quite a funny story, too, of Irish Drawing Rooms—not true of this time, but true in its essence—which has been so shamefully mangled in English papers up to date that it deserves repetition. A lady, trying to get into a Drawing Room, had forgotten to bring her card, and was stopped. "But," said she, indignantly, "I am the wife of a Cabinet Minister." "I cannot help it," was the answer; "even if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister, it would be no use." To this a pendant, which is true, may be attached. When the Duke and Duchess of York visited Ireland some years ago they attended a garden party at Mount Stewart, Lord Londonderry's house. A pavilion was erected for their special use. Two Presbyterian ministers, on refreshment bent, were seen advancing on the pavilion. To them Lord Londonderry, not absolutely wishing to forbid them to encroach upon the Royal pavilion, said, "I am sure you don't know that that pavilion is reserved exclusively for their Royal Highnesses." The only answer he got was, "Never mind, it will do." And the two Presbyterian ministers walked in and took their refreshment.

Mention of Lord Londonderry calls to mind the fact that Strangford Lough has again taken its toll of the servants at Mount Stewart. Lord Londonderry—and Lady Londonderry even more, for she is fond of sailing—will feel the catastrophe acutely. Yet it is not their fault. Hard by the landing-stage, from which Lady Londonderry herself starts nearly every day when the wind serves, is a monument commemorating the death by drowning of a number of servants of Lord Londonderry, who borrowed her ladyship's boat, and wrecked it and were drowned. In this particular case the servants who were drowned asked for the loan of the boat, were very properly met with a refusal, took French leave, and were drowned also. The writer of this note, more wise than the domestic servants of Mount Stewart, has contrived to profit by an almost identical warning, and so far has not been drowned. He was a junior student of Christ Church; he was asked to go and bathe at Sandford Lasher; he went to find a monument, very much like the one at Mount Stewart, erected in memory of junior students of Christ Church who had been drowned in Sandford Lasher. He bathed elsewhere.

In all the gorgeous celebrations which have been incidental to the Queen's visit to Dublin, there has been none more beautiful or more closely connected with the scope of COUNTRY LIFE than the daffodil show in which Lady Ardilaun was closely interested. There were other flowers there besides daffodils, of course, but the Lent lilies made the bravest show, and the gathering of Society was such as to rouse the suspicion that on the whole the great gardening revival has taken a firmer hold on Ireland than on England. It may be that the people there are

more artistic. Certainly they are keener on musical performances and more generous in their appreciation of dramatic art than any English folk, except those of Manchester. Lady Ardilaun is, perhaps, the keenest gardener in Ireland, and her gardens are a picture. Moreover, she is a supporter of COUNTRY LIFE, and that would cover a multitude of sins if there were any to cover.

A letter from Lord Winchelsea to the *Times* of one day last week contains some very drastic criticism of the apology made for one of the all too many instances of our men walking into ambushes, that the Boers were so marvellously concealed that the scouts did not see them. Lord Winchelsea's point is that the scouts ought to have seen them, that it is impossible for a large body of men in the first place to reach, and in the second place to lie concealed in, any spot, no matter how favourable for concealment, if under the observation of scouts at all efficient in their business. He implies, in fact, that the faculty of seeing, which is the faculty valuable in a scout, ought not to be wanting to the eyes of our Army. Experience has shown us that it is too often wanting. We may hope that experience may have taught its costly lesson, and that selection may be made of men who have some special qualifications for this special work. Such special qualifications must be possessed by many of the colonials. It must also be the possession of Lord Lovat's contingent of Highland gillies. Let us hope that those who have the trained eye will be selected for the work in which that training is of its special value.

It is rather singular that, in spite of the cold weather that has made all the small birds so late in beginning their nesting business, pheasants—in the South of England at all events—are laying just about the usual time, apparently quite unaffected by the general backwardness of the spring. There is no reason to suppose, therefore, that they will be later than usual in coming to their full powers of flight when the shooting season begins, though a late spring generally means that the leaf will hang long on the tree in the autumn, and on that account covert shooting may be delayed.

The spring salmon fishing has everywhere been better than we have known it for the past year or two. From the Aberdeenshire Dee to the Devonshire Taw, all rivers seem to have given good sport. Trout, on the other hand, are very late in coming into condition, and this is easily accounted for by the absence of fly on the water. It is not always that a cold spring means great backwardness in the insect population of the waters, but this year, probably on account of the snow, that must have lowered the temperature of the rivers very considerably, the fly seems very late in showing.

May we offer a word of advice to those who are thinking of visiting the decennial performance of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, of which the date is at hand, that they be careful to engage their seats beforehand, and the longer beforehand the better. Last year there were numbers who omitted to do this, thinking that they would get places easily enough if they arrived in the village (where the humble lodgings no less should be taken in advance) the day before the performance. Very few of these succeeded in seeing the celebration of the play on the Sunday, though most of them, by staying an extra day, were able to attend an overflow performance on the Monday following. But this "overflow" performance is not always given, and it is quite possible to go to Ober-Ammergau and return without witnessing the play at all. Not a few have actually done so.

It is good news indeed to hear that Mr. Milligan, the Yorkshire cricketer, is not, as at first reported, killed, but only a prisoner in the hands of the Boers. The latter is bad enough, but there is surely a hope that a man of his activity in the cricket field may take the first opportunity given by fate of making his escape. Few wars, we should imagine, give so many instances of the escape of prisoners, whether from the Boers' hands or our own.

We are not going to have Australians, nor, as was advertised, the South Africans, in the forthcoming cricket season. Under the present sad circumstances the idea of eleven able-bodied cricketers leaving that scene of so much gallantry and so much suffering would be quite out of the question. But we are not to be entirely without visitors. A team of the Haverford College in America, that has sent us a useful team of youthful visitors before, is coming over, and also a team from the West Indies. The latter, if we may judge from the results attending the visits of our own teams to the West Indies, has what looks like rather an ambitious programme to fulfil. It is always to be remembered, however, that a team gains strength immensely by the constant play of its members together; and the united cricketing power of the West Indian colonies, practised in this manner, is likely to

be much more formidable than that of the elevens collected for the nonce that our teams have met out there.

The *Field* announces that "the Lais, this famous old 40-rater, is about to be brought to Southampton, and will probably be raced in the cruising classes during the coming season." But the fact is that Lais is not so very "old." Speaking from memory, Lais was built about six years ago, and was the leading 40-rater of her year, and it seems to us absurd that she should be allowed to race in cruising classes merely because she has not raced in English waters during the last few years. The case of Lais is, of course, typical, not unique. Everyone knows that many "cast" racers compete yearly in what are known as the cruising classes, and are handicapped accordingly, but the Yacht Racing Association's time allowance table is concerned only with the actual rating of yachts, and does not—indeed, cannot—take into account their age and condition. This injustice to *bonâ fide* cruisers is the more obvious in the case of smaller vessels. Often enough a small rater of one season has a diminutive cabin and skylight fitted, and in due course appears in cruisers' races. The committee of the Southampton Sailing Club is the only sailing committee that has come to our notice to reserve to itself the right of refusing the entry of "any out-classed racing machine" in their races during the forthcoming yachting season. This is a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped for the sake of justice and sport that clubs will rigorously exclude racers from the cruising classes this summer.

It is now reported from South Lincolnshire, as it had previously been from Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex in the East, and Wilts, Gloucester, and Somerset in the West, that the dearth of agricultural labour exceeds all previous experience. In a single village seven houses were vacated at Lady Day, and it has not been possible to find new tenants. Everywhere agricultural operations are seriously retarded. The same complaint was made last year, but it is now accentuated. Strange to say, the Government is taking no steps either to obtain full information or to deal with a grave calamity which, if allowed to continue, must cause injury, not only to agriculture, but trade, since it is evident that the vigour of commerce depends upon a steady influx of fresh country blood. Ministers cannot plead ignorance of the fact. For a long time past the correspondents of the Board of Agriculture have literally poured in complaints on the subject. Evidently here, as elsewhere, the Government in power suffers from an extraordinary lack of initiative. The causes and conditions of this movement ought to become the subject of qualified investigation. A country cannot afford to lose its peasantry.

Meanwhile the work that should be done by our peasantry is done abroad. Last week a cargo of early cauliflowers arrived in this country from Italy, and it is probably the beginning of a new trade. Recently two shiploads of apples, pears, peaches, grapes, and other fruits have been sent to London from the Cape. Of course the start is due to an accident; the growers were deprived of their usual markets by the war, and immediately thought of England. But the discovery remains with them, that so unenterprising and sluggish are our market gardeners, that they can compete successfully even from that distance, just as the Brittany and Danish dairy people found out that they could invade the English butter market, although there are hundreds of English farmers, at no disadvantage as compared with them, who are half-starved, because some years since they foolishly allowed the trade to slip through their fingers. Madeira, again, has found out its capacity for producing early fruit and vegetables, and promises to flood London with them. Abroad, both in foreign countries and our own colonies, such industries are nursed and guided by the various Governments. Our own sits still and does nothing—does not even enquire why the land is being forsaken.

A correspondent writes: "It is hard to understand why COUNTRY LIFE, of all papers in the world, does not notice the death of Canon J. C. Atkinson, of Denby in Cleveland, who died on March 31st, in his 86th year." The Editor of COUNTRY LIFE regrets the omission for personal reasons, and desires to do his best to repair it now, for Canon Atkinson was, after Gilbert White, the most remarkable country parson and naturalist combined that we have had. Not only was he assiduous in the performance of his parochial and diocesan duties—as to which, in the case of good Gilbert, there might have been some doubt—but he was also naturalist, sportsman, antiquary, and philologist. Moreover, many years ago, when the Editor was a schoolboy, he was puzzled to know whether a certain egg which he discovered was that of an ouzel or of a missel thrush—a confusion which is just possible. As a student of "British Birds, Their Eggs and Nests," and as an impudent boy, he wrote to Canon Atkinson to enquire, and the result was a letter full of courtesy and information. To this day there is no better small book on birds' eggs, and Canon Atkinson wrote many good fresh-air books besides.



Whence are rare London birds recruited? For two years a solitary magpie has built a nest in the gardens of the Duke of Devonshire's beautiful house at Chiswick. This year it has been joined by another magpie, and the two have set to work to build a fresh nest. Let us hope they are of opposite sexes and may rear a brood, and may not, like the two ravens at Lilford Hall, be reduced to the device of taking white stones up to their nest and sitting on them, which was done by two cock ravens there. Dr. Tuke, the present tenant of Chiswick House, has the most populous wild bird sanctuary in London in the plantations and on the lakes of Chiswick House. Among those now there are wild duck, dabchick, kingfishers, moorhens, owls, rooks, crows, occasional herons, nut-hatches, and pheasants. Last year an American turkey nested there, and foreign migrants assemble yearly in undiminished numbers.

One of the latest "notions," gastronomically, is that of getting Siberian partridges for the English market. These birds, we are told, are shot in best condition about the month of October, in the neighbourhood of Omsk, and are there frozen and despatched to the different European markets. Now, if for October we might read July, or if the Siberian partridge were to come into condition at any time other than that at which our own little brown bird is in its prime condition, then we might have some good word to say for the "notion." But what in the name of wonder is the value of a bird frozen in Siberia (red-legged bird at that) when we can get our own plump brown partridge quite fresh at the same time? If we are to eat frozen game at all, why not our own birds out of our own ice-houses? And finally, if frozen birds at all, then not just at the time when we can best get the fresh ones. This "notion" itself seems to us a little frozen and in need of freshening up.

## KEW IN SPRING-TIME.

"FAIR-HANDED spring unbosoms every grace," sings Thomson. And we feel that this is so when revelling in the scattering of flowers flung from the hand of spring—the crocus, snowdrop, daffodil, and gifts as precious to colour and perfume the earth. Kew is a garden of flowers and a noble scientific establishment, a Mecca for all devoted to botanical science throughout the world, and a place of enjoyment for the toilers in a great city, a park, call it what you wish, in a true sense.

The gardens, it is interesting to know, were founded in 1759, and were then only about ten acres in extent, presided over by the famous William Aiton, but during the present century in particular the knowledge of plants has increased a thousand-

represented in the plants set out in groups or even spreading a rich carpet of colour over the woodland. Every flower in the grass, in the rock garden, or in the plant house, no matter where placed, teaches a lesson, not of poetic sentiment merely, but of the great plant world represented by this living herbarium.

Science and natural gardening meet here in close embrace; the one assists the other, and the careless observer is not offended by any ugly ways of setting out the flowers he has learned to love in the meadow and wayside bank. From this blossom-time until the last rose petals have fluttered from the branch, the pleasure grounds present an ever-varying picture of beautiful colouring; the white snowdrop drifts have melted,



E. J. Wallis.

WHERE POPPIES ARE SPREAD.

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fold, new worlds have been revealed, and the pastime of gardening has become a power in our midst. This is responsible for the some 300 acres which form the gardens, an acreage monopolised by the thousands of collections of plant-life of every type, from the forest tree to the dainty orchids, that fill visitors with amazement.

Our illustrations show the more beautiful features of this great garden, and, thanks to the present director, Kew is becoming each year a place for pure enjoyment, without the noise of a public park. Thousands of visitors pour in throughout the year bent upon pleasure only, without a thought concerning the work of purely scientific importance followed in the herbarium and

it is true, and the crocus colours paled in the warmer sunshine, but the blue of the Muscari and scilla, and the daffodils dancing in the wind, carry on the procession until the bluebell hides the woodland grass in its perfumed veil.

A sweet sense of repose steals over one immediately the principal gate is entered from the quaint Kew Green, with its pleasant reminiscences of royal days, perpetuated still in Cambridge Lodge by the church, and no matter whether the path in front of the visitor is followed to lead to the principal walk and the pond, or a sharp turn is taken to the left, flowers are bestrewn everywhere, in the grass and in the formal bed, by the shrubbery margin and plant house border, and the trees,

themselves grouped charmingly upon the stretches of turf, are perhaps opening their buds, crowded thickly upon twig and branch.

The air is loaded with the fragrance of flowers, and yet this is a botanic garden, where a few years ago this science was made to frighten the seeker after knowledge by its ugly manifestation, a garden of big labels and rigid rows, of set patches and spotty planting of flowers, a place in which to learn and detest the science of botany thus presented in unsympathetic form. But the present director is a great botanist and good gardener. With his assistants he has gradually transformed the gardens into a place where it is possible to ensure thorough enjoyment without irritation from harsh ways of planting. This year the season has been unkind. Cold winds and sharp frosts have bidden the flowers keep within their calyces, and at the time of writing (April 10th) only the early daffodils are open on the Cumberland Mound, but throughout March chionodoxas, scillas, snowdrops, and crocuses have made charming masses of colour.

When the opening buds proclaim the birth of spring, Kew is indeed a pleasant place in which to hide from the world outside; the birds sing blithely in the shrubberies and tree tops, the water-fowl call shrilly across pond and lake, and some splash of colour, maybe from bed of daffodil or early tulip, breaks in upon a sea of tender green. It is the joyous time of spring, and the gardens are never clothed in sweeter dress than at this season, when in woodland, rock garden, and border a thousand expanding flowers tell of the winter that is past.

In the pleasure grounds, that portion where the chief plant houses are to be found, to distinguish them from the woodland, there is sufficient to engross the attention of an ardent flower lover for many days. Houses have been built for tropical plants, orchids, heaths, the strangely weird cacti and succulents, ferns, *Victoria Regia* and warmth-loving nymphaeas, and the great palm house is one of the noblest structures of its kind in the



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## IN THE WOODLAND.

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world. All around are trees, shrubs, and flowers of great rarity and beauty, some familiar to the most ignorant of plant-life, others seldom seen outside a botanic garden, though frequently it is hard to discover why certain things should live on in obscurity, when others, less beautiful and interesting, are planted so frequently as to become positively monotonous. It always seems to the writer a remarkable fact that so many things from widely separated countries should succeed so well in this place of some 300 acres. Every known species, as far as possible, is grown, whether of the orchid or the fern, the rhododendron or the bamboo; and though the smoke clouds of the great city near are troublesome, there are few failures considering the tremendous collections under the care of the gardeners.

We leave the pleasure grounds and seek the wilderness or woodland, where the flowers are permitted to roam in their own sweet way, without any of the conventional restrictions of modern gardening. Here is the noble temperate house, and many thousands of pounds have been recently expended in providing wings to the central structure, according to the original plan. This is a house for the growth of plants from temperate worlds, the glorious acacias mounting to the roof, a dream of golden blossom in spring, the flaunting *Camellia reticulata*, gorgeous rhododendrons from the Himalayas, and plants as leafy and bushy. It is pleasant to wander in this small forest of trees and shrubs in the heat of a summer day and breathe the fragrance-laden air. The collections of plants, we believe, reach somewhere about 20,000, and the crowds visiting the gardens may easily acquire a knowledge of the most ordinary kinds by the plainly written labels. Kew is not merely an educational establishment in the sense of teaching by labelled plants visitors whose calling is not that of horticulture, but an educational centre for the advancement of young men in the profession of their life. No public institution combines so many phases of horticulture, and the men trained in the routine work of gardening



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## A CARPET OF CROCUSES.

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and in the herbarium for botanical science are equipped for important stations in our colonies and foreign countries.

But we are straying from the proper text—spring-time at Kew, when the daffodils bend in the grass, and the wild tulips make dots of welcome colour with the meadow saxifrage (*Saxifraga*), the snake's-head fritillary (*F. Meleagris*), so abundant in the Oxfordshire meadows, apennine and wood wind-flowers, *Muscari* or grape hyacinth, dog's-tooth violet (*Erythronium*), ornithogalum, snowflakes, snowdrops, crocuses and scillas of many kinds, the vigorous Spanish scilla (*S. hispanica* or *campanulata*), bringing the season of the flowers in the grass to a close. This delightful grass gardening has been largely extended within the past few years, and those who wish in their own estates to do likewise will gain much information from Kew during the late April days and through the month of May. When entering the gardens from the village green entrance, a beautiful stretch of blossom amongst the grass is at once seen, flowers dappling the surface as if in their high mountain meadows, naturally placed and happily unlike the crowded mixtures which are called wild gardens in many parks and private domains. Wild gardening is not the flower bed or border gone mad; it is a simple and exquisite phase of natural planting, copying the ways of Nature herself, who paints the brookside with marsh marigolds, and dapples the mead with cowslips.

Well we remember some late April days spent in a Sussex garden where grass gardening has found true expression. Blue wind-flowers formed sweet artless groups near the trees, and away in the meadows were clouds of narcissi, Star, Poet's, and others, thinly planted, and, through becoming naturalised, forming themselves into quite simple groups, winding maybe through some lowland stretch, and gleaming silvery white in the clear spring evening. This, of course, is away in the pure country air, but in this botanic garden, in which gardening is taught by the flowers lavishly bestrewn over the grounds, many

colour, or the campenelle makes sheets of rich yellow, pouring into the air a sweet fragrance, whilst on the grassy mound near the Cumberland Gate flowers are seen covering the sides from the time of the snowdrop until the Japan primrose and true flowers of summer open out in the shade of trees at the foot.

A glance at our illustrations will show better than a volume of words the great results obtained by flower gardening in the



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THE YULAN, OR LILY TREE.

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grass. In one, the pretty blue scillas carpet the soil beneath the still leafless bushes, poppies are thick almost as the green blades themselves, and these exquisite pictures are spread over the whole domain, not to excess, but as if naturalised or as "wild" as the flowers of the meadow and copse.

At the lower end of the gardens, past the interesting gallery of the late Miss North's pictures, a fitting memorial of a brave and clever artist, and near the quaint Chinese pagoda, the visitor will feel a keener sense of repose than in the more "dressy" pleasure grounds. Here in the arboretum the lover of tree and shrub life may revel in the great collections of species and varieties planted in groups, each genus in a group, a veritable representation of the distinctive characteristic of the several members—brooms, mespilus, cherries, and a host of families too numerous to enumerate on this occasion. When the time of bluebells is with us, it is worth a journey of many miles to travel to Kew and stroll through the grounds surrounding the Queen's Cottage, which Her Majesty has graciously allowed to form part of the old gardens. This is a sanctuary of bird and flower life, and may it for all ages preserve its wild and natural beauty. A sinuous path runs through the secluded woodland, to save the trees, shrubs, flowers, and birds from possible injury, and when the bluebells are in blossom a vision of flowers is revealed within a few miles of the metropolis—a woodland surfaced with blue. The writer will ever remember a May afternoon last year. The sun glinted through the trees, scoring the flowers with light, and the misty covering of softest blue faded away in the distance, where woodland meets the open greenwood path beyond the new enclosure. This is a spot to dream in, to escape from the surrounding suburbs, a translation from the town to the sweetness of a secluded country, where one may enjoy sylvan scenes and flower-scented paths. Here there is no conventional gardening. One may feast upon exotics and set designs in the pleasure grounds; but, strange to relate, though from past experience we marvel not, the Office of Works have designs upon this secluded spot, and wish to spoil the

woodland beauty by erecting a physical laboratory in the old deer park adjoining. It is quite like an office so romantic as the Board of Works to fix upon some spot in the beautiful gardens that will be utterly spoiled by a formal building. Those who know little of the neighbourhood may be interested to learn that the deer park comprises between 300 and 400 acres, larger than Kew itself, and we presume no other site is available in the whole of that vast



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SIBERIAN CRAB IN BLOOM.

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exquisite effects are the result of the grass gardening. Kew, it must be remembered, is as flat as the proverbial pancake, and does not provide the same opportunities as hillside meadows and lowlands. Masses of the Poet's narcissus are spread over the wilderness, thousands of white flowers beautifying the fringe of woodland, and collected around groups of trees, sometimes the Chili pine or monkey puzzle for the sake of the rich contrast in

area except the pretty woodland view near the Queen's Cottage. We hope every endeavour will be made to frustrate these mischievous intentions, and another site be chosen in the deer park, where ample opportunities are afforded of erecting a town hall if the authorities so desire without greatly disturbing the natural scenery. A contemporary wisely remarks: "Far better would it be to place the laboratory at the Sheen end of Richmond Park, and to include the whole area of the deer park, except the comparatively small area required for recreative purposes and for the Observatory within the limits of the Royal Gardens, Kew. Brentford, Richmond, and Isleworth are daily encroaching, at least as to smoke and smell, on the Royal Gardens. Cultivation, as in the suburbs of London generally, is becoming more difficult, and in some cases death ensues from the foulness of the atmosphere. No effort, therefore, should be spared to protect, and, if possible to extend our noble Kew."

Those who seek for information about any one family may learn much from Kew. Even the newer hybrid nymphaeas, or water-lilies, have their place upon the lake surface, the big scintillating flowers opening wide to the hot summer suns, and in the depth of winter the dogwoods and willows by the margin fill the scenery with crimson colouring. Here, too, is a glen of rhododendrons, a walk of flowers when spring meets summer, and the bamboo garden, surrounded by trees for the sake of protecting the tall willowy stems from the keen winds of March, is filled with remarkable examples of vigorous growths, bamboos 16ft. and more in height, with every species and variety known to be hardy represented in the collection.

The general visitor, if he observes at all, returns from the gardens with new conceptions of our "many climates." Bamboos he has learnt to regard as "something tropical"—the books say so—but here close to London they are at home, sheafs of leafy stems rustling in the wind and carrying one's thoughts to the sunny land of Japan, a land that has given to European gardens many of its richest treasures.

Kew is a beautiful garden, we repeat, not at one season but at all times, and we are thankful that its direction is in the hands of one who teaches a phase of botanical science by simple grouping of tree, shrub, and flower in woodland and pleasure ground.

### *Advice and Advisers about . . . Killing Driven Game.*

ONE of the most successful grouse shots once declared that every bird is easy, provided the shooter takes him at exactly the right moment. This does not by any means imply that some shots should be taken and the others left, as was the case with men who used to be proud of making their forty straight kills over pointers or setters. What it does mean is, that as birds are driven over the gun there is always the possibility of selecting the exact moment when the game offers the easiest mark for the shooter to hit. This exact moment differs greatly with the kind of game to be killed, and, moreover, different shooters will place the angle and the distance variably, not only according to their own ability, but also according to the guns they use.

It is not my intention to teach even the young idea how to shoot; for the young idea sometimes seems able to give practical lessons in bringing the game to bag to the ancients; so that the man who presumes to give hints to young shooters is very liable to have his eye wiped when he first meets his pupils in the field. But it is exactly because so many advisers have rushed into print that I make bold to do so also, and then only because I see so much to mislead shooters in the advice given, even when it is offered by first-rate shots and the soundest of sportsmen. It will start out by giving instances of what I mean. In a recent article that appeared elsewhere it was laid down that the way to kill driven partridges was to lead them with the gun an inch or two in front of their beaks, and keep the gun moving with them while the trigger was pulled. In his book, "Hints to Young Shooters," Sir Ralph Galloway says that his advice is to aim the length of the pheasant in front of his head, and in some admirable letters written by Mr. Woodcock in another journal it is stated that several well-known shots, who are named, and do not deny the soft impeachment, not only aim feet and yards in front of their game, but swing with the bird as well, and pull as they swing. Mr. Woodcock's letters brought forth plenty of corroboration from successful shots. On the face of it and at first glance equally successful shooting at similar fast game appears to be impossible when one man shoots 2in. in front of the beak, another 30in. in front, and many others 3yds. in front. I am prepared to accept all these statements as being from good performers. As a matter of fact I happen to know that they are so, but how very absurd it makes anyone look who says to a youngster, "I am a good shot, and if you do what I do you will be a good shot also."

The chronograph, which gives us the time taken to cover 40yds. or 50yds. by the shot pellets, and the known pace of the flight of game birds, even when put at its minimum, proves to us that the allowance in front of driven game should be yards, at a distance away of 40yds. or 50yds., even when there is no wind to assist the flight of the game. But if the man who kills well, believing that he aims only an inch or two in front of the beak of the game, were to bow to science, he would miss his game in the attempt to give the allowance that is required to enable the shot pellets to intersect the line of flight of the game at the exact moment that the game is there to be hit. Again, the man who sees yards between the point in space at which he directs his gun and the game at which he shoots and kills well by doing so, would shoot behind everything if he attempted to do as the former successful shot does and aim only 2in. in front of the beak. These various explanations of what shooters do are no new thing. The writer has heard them all from various experienced good shots

for years, and it was long a great puzzle to him how men who obviously must each do what the other does could so differently explain what they really did. For some time I thought that the differences were real and that the explanation was to be found in one man jerking his gun sharply in the direction the game was going, and another only swinging with his game, that is, travelling the point of the gun apparently as fast as the game. This is not the explanation. It has often been said that if the gun is jerked in the direction the game is going no allowance is necessary, because there is a lateral impetus imparted to the shot. In theory this is true, but in practice it is impossible to jerk as fast as the game goes. It is difficult enough to get the muzzle past the game—that is, to catch it up and pass it; nevertheless, the game is describing the outer circumference of a circle of which the butt of the gun represents the centre. If the game happens to be 40yds. away it is about thirty times as far away as the gun muzzle, and so when the game and the muzzle apparently travel level with each other the game is actually going thirty times as fast as the muzzle. This shows to anyone who has tried to get much in front of fast game how hopeless it would be to depend on the lateral movement of the shot to take the place of "allowance" in front of game. The jerk, when it is successfully effected, represents an unknown and unmeasured allowance in front of game, but it has little effect in throwing the shot laterally further in the direction travelled by the game than the gun muzzle happened to point when the shot left it.

Others have attributed the apparent difference which various shooters describe as their methods to the spread of the shot. The shot spreads two ways. There is the longitudinal spread, which may cover a space between the muzzle of the gun and the game of many feet, according to the gun and the distance the game is away, and there is the pattern spread, which may cover a 3ft. or a 5ft. circle, according to distance. The two together account for a very great possible variation in allowance ahead of moving game of equal speed. But they do not account for any such differences as those between 3yds. and 2in. in front of the beak. It has been clearly demonstrated by the assistance of diagrams in "Experts on Guns and Shooting" (Sampson Low and Marston) that the fashionable notion of hitting a driven pheasant only in the head and neck can only be accomplished by shooting so much in front of him that only the tail or hinder and weaker portion of the charge hits him, and that if the quickest portion of the charge hit his head and neck the momentum of the bird would carry his body into the later arriving body of the charge. This rather explodes the fancy that crack shots can kill their tall pheasants by hitting them only in the neck and head. The same diagrams show how much possible variation of allowance in front there may be to effect a kill at various paces and different distances. Although the variation is very great indeed, the spread of the shot in length and breadth does not account for the differences observed by successful shooters, as recorded above. There appears to be only one way of accounting for these differences of observation. It appears to be entirely a question of focus and alteration of focus—that is to say, one pair of eyes are measuring distance at the range of the game—say, 40yds. away—the other pair are measuring distance at the foresight of the gun 4ft. away. But then how can we account for the half distance and make this explanation fit in with the experience of the shooter who aims the length of a pheasant ahead of the beak?

We must, in order to get at this explanation, follow the process of aiming throughout its stages. I do not by any means assert that the following is the only way to kill driven game, or even the best way, but it is one way, and one which will serve the purpose of the explanation I require. The alignment is got on the approaching game, or very nearly got, as the gun comes to the shoulder, but allowance in front is necessary, and the eyes search out a distance ahead of the game, and keep, or attempt to keep, a focus of a movable point always the same distance ahead of the game. As long as the game was focussed the eyes had something to rest upon, but when the attempt is made to focus a point in space something is attempted which is not easy, and is, perhaps, impossible—that is, the eyes cannot focus nothing. When the attempt is made to do so, they search out the nearest thing to rest upon, which in this case will be the gun muzzle or foresight. There is no doubt that some eyes will change the focus quickly, while others will consciously, by intention of the shooter, or unconsciously maintain the distance focus fixed by the game. The latter eyes will see and recognise the complete distance in front of the game to which the gun is pointing; those whose focus changes quickly from the game, which the focus has left, to the foresight, which is the only thing (in the direction the eyes are looking) for them to rest upon, will measure distance not as from the game to the point of aim, but as from the foresight to a line between the eye and the game—that is, one takes the measure between the two lines at 4ft. and the other at 40yds. The intermediate measure may be equally well accounted for on this principle of changing focus—that is to say, the measure may be taken, not like the others, before and after the change of focus, but during the process of change. The latter is by no means instantaneous with any persons' eyes.

I can well understand that some young shooters have been kept back for years by hearing the methods of just the men I have drawn my examples from. They are those who have been particularly successful; just the very men whom youngsters would swear by. But it is clear that although young shooters may be like any one of them, they cannot possibly be like them all. Learning anything is simple work, provided the pupil has not to begin by unlearning bad lessons. I fear that the man who sets out to teach how to kill driven game must of necessity sometimes give lessons that do not suit the pupil, and such as will have to be unlearned again, and I trust that I have made it clear that because a man can perform brilliantly himself it does not follow that he is fit to say a word as a coach in shooting.

There are other misunderstandings that may arise from a confusion of terms, others from a difference of weapons. For instance, an excellent shot, Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, in one of his books tells the shooter how to kill a sitting pigeon. He says aim under his toes and you will kill; but this may be very misleading. Most pigeon guns are set to shoot high, whereas the majority of game guns are not. It is clear, therefore, that the information should be limited and apply only to pigeon guns.

ARGUS OLIVE.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is not, as is the custom of the paper, the portrait of an individual lady, but of two interesting children. They are Prince George and Princess Victoria of Teck, whose mother, the daughter of the late and widely lamented Duke of Westminster, has recently sailed to Africa to join her husband. He, Prince Adolphus of Teck, is engaged as a transport officer in South Africa.





THE increasing interest taken in this subject is evidenced by the number of books on garden topics which have appeared in the last few years. They mostly deal with the botanical side, but some hover on the fringe of design, hardly daring to take the plunge, and others insert the word "garden" into the title as they would thread a worm on a hook, though the subject matter may be anything from romance to autobiography. The writer hopes that in these papers he may err on neither side. As they are not intended to deal with flowers, or trees, or shrubs, except from the objective of the painter, so are they not concerned with soils and climates, but with the question that is most generally passed over—namely, how to lay out the ground, and what to put on it when it is laid out.

Some people there are who always term an old English garden Dutch, Italian, or French, as the case may be. They are a little inconsistent in doing this, for no doubt the same people would speak of Elizabethan and Queen Anne buildings, meaning those that were made under Italian or Dutch influence, but were so essentially English in themselves that a distinctive name has had to be found for them. But were not the gardens of these buildings equally English, and, if so, why should we not speak of them too as Queen Anne or Elizabethan?

Just in what the difference lies between English, French, Dutch, or Italian the writer would find it difficult to say. One would be inclined to admit certain differences due to climate, and some to situation, though flat sites are

to be found in Italy and precipitous ones in England. Otherwise the main differences are those of material and architectural detail. The Italian, perhaps, was more heroic in his treatment of terracing, the Frenchman more ample in his spacing, and the Dutchman more curious in his taste for elaboration.

From the obvious connection between the lay-out round Hampton Court and Wren's building scheme at the palace it should by now be pretty clear to the reader that this has always been an affair of architecture. And, when tradition in architecture has been broken, what has started it afresh on reasonable lines has always been a careful adaptation of past methods to modern requirements. So the writer has felt the necessity of drawing attention to examples of old work to form some intelligible starting point for what may be done in the future.

At the close of the last paper some reference was made to the larger schemes of formal water. The labour and expense of such undertakings must necessarily have been considerable. In his "History of Hampton Court Palace," Mr. Law gives the estimate for the Diana Fountain as £1,050 in money of that period. But whatever the cost, they are priceless permanent treasures to us who are successors to the legacy. The fusion of water and groves, however, was seldom carried very far in England. For elaboration of this idea and for the mighty handling of it we must turn to France. At Rambouillet there is a *paté d'oie* of water in front of the chateau, in plan something like the Great Fountain



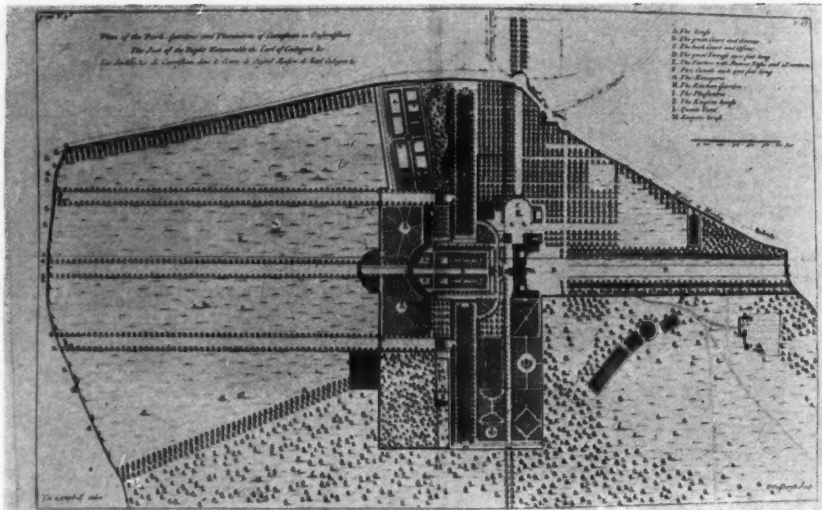
BASSIN D'APOLLON.



A SMALLER ENGLISH LAY-OUT.

Garden at Hampton Court with its radiating avenues. But in this case the arc is all water, and each avenue a canal with a grove between it and the next. There are stairs to a boat-landing opposite the garden entrance to the chateau, and across the water the point of each wooded islet has a landing-stage flanked by stone columns and gilded balls. At Versailles, of course, the waterworks are more colossal than at any other place—as, indeed, is every feature of the lay-out. Nothing but walking the length of the Great Canal in a noonday sun can give any idea of the magnitude of the task that the French king set his soldiers to accomplish. Even the Bassin d'Apollon, a comparatively small pool at the head of it, covers about the same area as our Diana Fountain. At Versailles itself there was no water with which to fill these vast reservoirs, but Louis XIV. was not to be balked by this, and after spending nine millions on an aqueduct starting from Maintenon that was never finished, a supply was eventually brought from Trappes and the plain of Saclay.

We may be thankful, however, that vastness in these things is not the only quality that charms. Many an old English place of humbler dimensions is far more seductive to



CAVERSHAM.

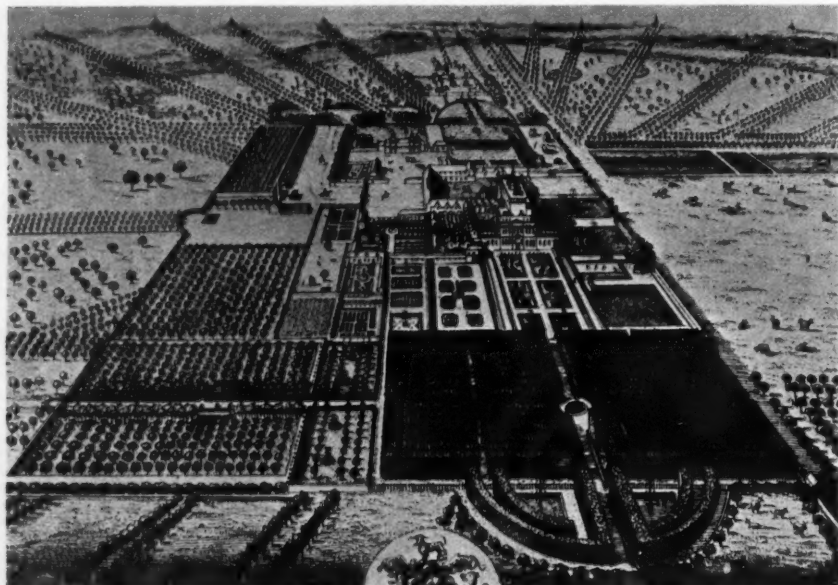
The influence of dykes is noticeable at Gordonstown, in the North of Scotland, where the country is rather Dutch in character and the drainage scheme has tended to keep the planting in rectangular spaces. Here, too, is a fine ornamental canal, and though so far building has been intentionally passed over in these papers, one cannot but call attention to the quaint idea of grouping all the stables, granaries, etc., round a circular court.

An instance of the older method of planting avenues is given in the text, and it will be evident to the reader from what has already been said that the gardens and groves in the illustration were probably of later design. From the tortuous paths in the latter they might be due to Switzer or Batty Langley of Georgian times.

In the garden a lime walk may well consist of a single line of trees on either side, but in the greater lay-out, where furlongs and chains take the place of yards and feet, avenues require more dressing, so counter avenues were added to give them density. Two, four, or even five deep we sometimes find them, as in Bushey Park.

As Wren had his own method of setting to work in these things, so had Vanbrugh. His planting was as courageous as his building. At Castle Howard he massed his avenues on the main approach into blocks of sixteen trees square, alternating a block of oaks with one of beeches.

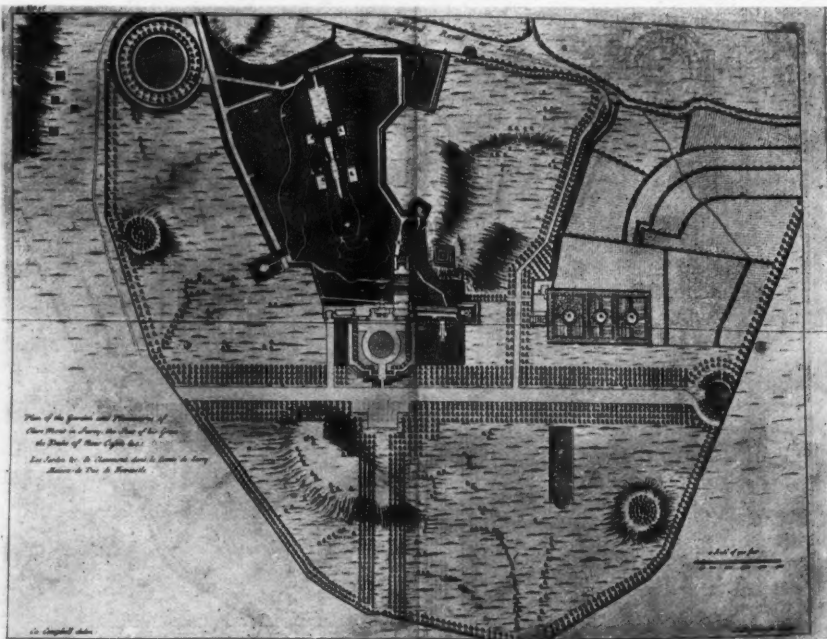
At Blenheim he placed similar blocks in buttress form at intervals in a double avenue, and spread a spacious hall of trees



BADMINTON.

the painter, and at Versailles one cannot avoid being haunted with a feeling that the very size argues a huge tyranny for its creation.

Simultaneously with the fashion for making great ponds and canals, which was probably a French improvement upon Dutch ideas, the planting of long avenues became a nobleman's recreation. At first the general rule was the rather obvious one of plotting an avenue bearing straight on the main entrance of the house from any point on the high road that might happen to be intersected by such a line. The next step was to continue this avenue to any distance on the further side of the house, starting where the garden terminated. In many cases at right angles to this two others would be planted, either aligned with the front of the forecourt or centred on the main block of the building. Then there was a development which seems to have been entirely French in origin, namely, the *paté d'oie*. An arc of a circle was thrust out from the neighbourhood of the building or any important entrance, and from it radiating avenues were plotted so as to bisect the right angles left at the juncture of the main avenues. This could hardly have emanated from Holland, since for purposes of drainage the country was mapped with dykes and drains into rectangular spaces that more or less ruled the direction which planting could take. In England there was generally no such obstacle, and so the pattern was readily followed at Hampton Court and many other places that could be cited.



CLAREMONT.



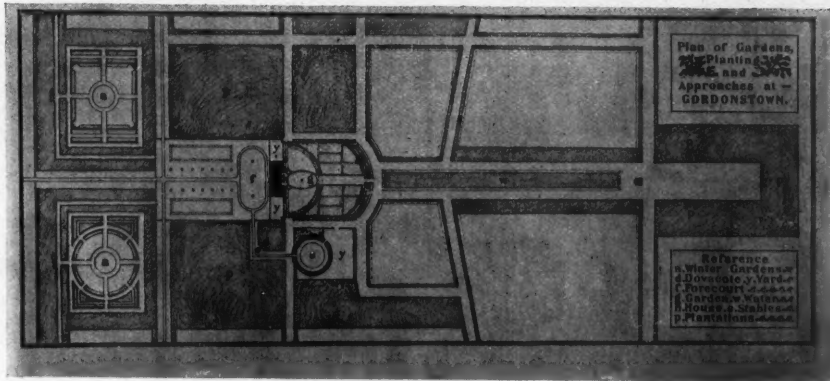
round the Marlborough Column. There is a tradition that these trees were arranged to represent the position of Marlborough's troops at a critical moment in the battle of Blenheim, but on examination it is abundantly evident that the only considerations in the mind of Vanbrugh were those of design.

Houghton, in North Hants, has almost as many avenues per square mile as any place that occurs to the writer at the moment. The story goes of an owner who boasted that he would plant an avenue from Houghton to London on his own land. But a few pieces remained to be acquired, and one of the owners would not sell, so to satisfy his mania for planting the home property at Houghton was marked out into avenues of a similar total length.

Badminton is another of many instances where mile upon mile of avenues were planted. The view in the text is taken from an old French print, and shows them crossing and recrossing in stars, quincunxes, and so forth. The main approach to the house and its continuation is given in Kyp as about nine miles in length.

## VIGNETTES FROM NATURE.

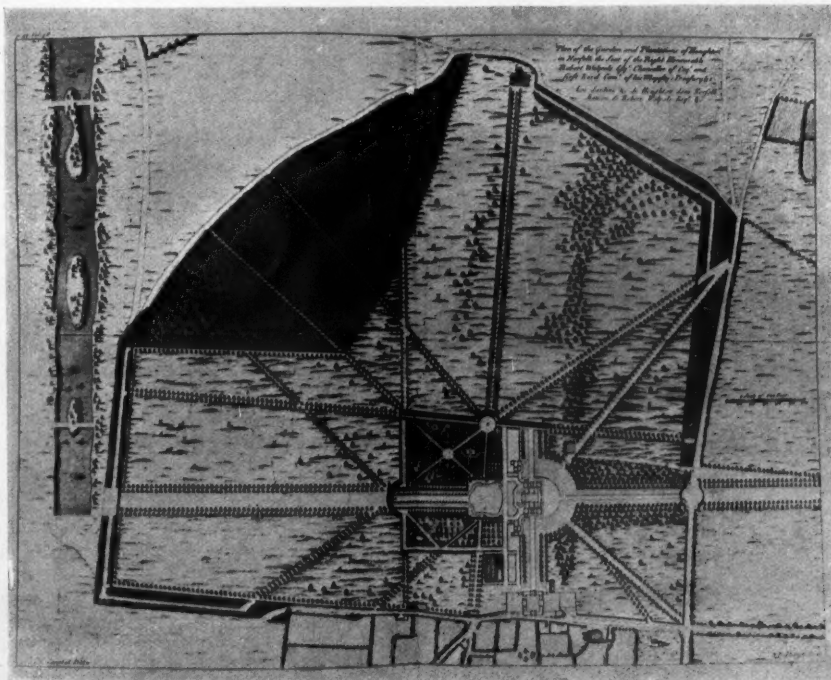
THE eggs of salmon are nearly as large as the seed of a garden pea, and those of big trout only slightly less. The ova is of a delicate salmon colour and the cell-walls are semi-transparent—so much so that the embryo shows plainly through. Although delicate in appearance, they are elastic and capable of sustaining great pressure, and an egg thrown upon a flat surface will rebound like an india-rubber ball. The economy of the extreme prolificness of the sporting fish of Britain can best be understood when we come to consider the host of enemies which beset both salmon and trout in the very first stages of their existence. Nature is prolific in her waste, and a whole army of Nature's poachers have to be satisfied. So true is this, that the yearly yield of the largest salmon-producing river in the kingdom is computed at about the produce of one female fish of from 15lb. to 20lb. in weight, the produce of all the rest being lost or wasted. Sometimes a single ill-timed spate will destroy millions of eggs by tearing them from the gravel and laying them bare to a whole host of enemies. These enemies are in the air, on the land, in the water, and nothing short of an enumeration of them can convey any idea of their numbers and wholesale



GORDONSTOWN.

fascinating sights in Nature. The merlin is plucky beyond its size and strength, and will pull down a partridge, as we have witnessed repeatedly. The young of moorfowl, larks, pipits, and summer snipe constitute its food on the fells. It lays four bright red eggs in a depression among the heather, and about this are strewn the remains of the birds indicated. To be seen to advantage this smallest of British falcons ought to be seen in its haunts. It is little larger than a thrush, and in the days of falconry was flown by ladies, its game being larks, pipits, pigeons, and occasionally partridges. On the moorlands it may be seen suddenly to shoot from a stone, encircle a tract of heather, and then return to its perch. A lark passes over its head, and its wings are raised and its neck outstretched; but it closes them as if unwilling to pursue the bird. Then it flies, skimming low over the furze and heather, and alights on a granite boulder similar to the one it has just left. As we approach, the male and female flap unconcernedly off, and beneath the block are remains of golden plover, ling birds, larks, and young grouse.

The keeper's domain encloses a park in which are red deer and fallow. Sometimes he has to shoot a fawn for the "great house." This he singles out, hitting it if possible just behind the shoulder. In season he must provide a certain "head" of game. Twice weekly he procures this, and takes it to the hall. For its proper hanging in the larder he is responsible. When the keeper wants game he knows to a yard where it may be found—where the birds will get up, and in what direction they will go away. If a hare, he knows the gate or smoot through which it will pass, and out of this latter fact he makes capital. It is well known to poachers that when once a hare has been netted there is no chance of its being taken again in like manner. Rather than go through a second time, even though a "lurcher" be but a yard behind, it will either "buck" the gate or take the fence. Consequently, the keeper has netted every hare on his ground. This greatly reduces the poacher's chances, and wire snares are now the only engines that can be successfully used. Spring and summer are taken up with breeding and rearing pheasants, and this is an anxious time. The work is not difficult, but arduous. And then so much of the keeper's work is estimated by the head of game he can turn out. This result is tangible, and one that can be seen by both his master and visitors. There is nothing to show for long and often fruitless night watching but rheumatism; and so the keeper appreciates all the more readily the praise accorded him for the number of well-grown birds he can show at the covert-side. After pheasant-shooting in October the serious winter work of the keeper begins. Each week he has to kill from three to five hundred rabbits, which are sent to the markets of the large manufacturing towns. He can employ what engines against them he pleases, but the number must be produced. Firing a hundred shots a day is now more jarring than it was once; it has made him slightly deaf, and he adopts other means of destruction. He works the warrens in winter, but long waiting for a glutton ferret in frost and snow is not pleasant. Under favourable conditions, however, a great many rabbits may be taken in this way. Iron spring traps are used in the rabbit tracks, but these are impracticable on a large scale, and the pheasants and partridges, which run much, are apt to be caught in them. Moreover, it is now illegal to set these traps in the open.



from which the wind blows. The screens consist of wooden hurdles intertwined with dead grass, dried fern, and bracken. Of course success depends upon the slow and equal burning of the whole mass. A shifting wind sometimes ill-regulates the supply of air and fires the heap. When this occurs nothing can stop it, and the charcoal is completely spoiled. This, of course, the charcoal burners take all precautions to prevent, and from the great watchfulness exercised by the men, it is generally avoided. But to return to the heap. The products of combustion escape by the channel occasioned by the withdrawal of the vertical stake. The process is continued from twenty to thirty hours, when smoke and fumes seem to come off every part alike. This is a sign to put

out the fire, which is done by applying water. The faggots have now been converted into charcoal. The critical part of the operation, and the one that wants most experience, is to catch the heap when it is "enough"—that is, when it is neither overdone nor underdone. After allowing half a day for cooling, the charcoal is taken out, put into sacks, and carted away. The men generally work in bodies of three or four together and have four heaps in hand at one time. At night, especially when there is much wind, the burners work by shifts. The charcoal when carted away is just half the weight of the wood from which it has been prepared.

RUSTICUS.



HITHERTO our articles concerning falconry and our pictures of hawking scenes, which, we are glad to know, have been well received by the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, have for

the most part been concerned with those whom it is not too much to call the fathers of nineteenth century falconry, and their most prominent disciples, Lascelles, Fisher, Michell, and Radclyffe. These are names to conjure with. In the present article we deal with one who is a comparatively recent

recruit to the noble army of falconers, but as keen a sportsman as any of those who have gone before, and the story of his initiation into the mysteries of the sport of hawking, and of his pursuit of it, is an illustration not only of the true fellowship which binds the devotees of falconry together, but also of the enthralling spell which the pursuit itself throws upon one and all of those who indulge in it. Mr. G. Blaine, as may be seen from one of our pictures, which represents him riding with his sister to the meet, is a hawking man pure and simple. Indeed, until 1898 his interest in hawking was general rather than particular, although it was more than usually keen. But in that year he took a farm of some 500 acres near Cambridge, killed 45 partridges on it with two hawks, and from that time onwards the love of hawking fastened upon him with the grip of a goshawk, which, having regard to the size of the bird and her foot, may be taken to be one of the most remarkable examples in Nature of energy concentrated within narrow limits. Having fallen a willing victim, Mr. Blaine betook himself to Bere Regis in Dorsetshire, and got unto himself as tenant the extensive Manor of Bere Regis, some 6,000 acres, part cultivated and part moorland. He thus found himself, not by accident, of course, but by design, in one of the most sporting corners of England, so far as variety goes, in a district where everybody must know that a stray falcon is more likely to be private property than to be wild, and in the centre, so to speak, of a goodly fellowship of all-round sportsmen.

Of the manor and its characteristics more shall be



W. A. Rouch.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO.

Copyright—"C.L."



W. A. Rouch.

AFTER THE MORNING BATH.

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said later. For the present let us note with pleasure the cordiality with which Mr. Blaine was welcomed by the leading men of falconry. First he had to find a falconer, or to make one, and Major Fisher of Stroud, and Mr. Radclyffe, whose name is familiar to our readers, were ready at once to give him every aid in starting his establishment. Best, formerly a mere keeper, was chosen to be educated into the more difficult and delicate duties of a falconer, and to him Mr. Radclyffe's man, Tom Allen, imparted the rudiments of the art of handling the young hawks. Then Major Fisher, to whom English falconry owes a deep debt of gratitude, which, indeed, all good falconers are only too willing to acknowledge, was himself too unwell to give personal supervision to the education, so to speak, of Mr. Blaine, and Best, and the young hawks. But he did the next best thing possible. He lent to him the services of his trusty falconer, James Rutford, and, to help on the training of the young hawks, three capital falcons which had done great deeds, to wit, Patience, a bird of five years; Orkney, a bird of three years; and Blue Foot, a bird of two years. Of these, the last was lost when exercising, a calamity which falconers have to suffer all too often, and Patience was not often flown, for to get Mr. Blaine's own young hawks well on was the real object, and it was pursued steadily.

Mr. Blaine had originally five birds. First amongst them



W. A. Rouch.

OFF FOR A FLIGHT.

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even if it were a mile off; she was very fast, but would never go high; eventually she was lost. Then he had four tiercels. The first, Lulworth, was a disappointment; being hard in the moult,



W. A. Rouch.

ON CHAMBERLAYNE HEATH.

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was Blanche, a young falcon, but she proved unsuitable for game-hawking, which was Mr. Blaine's main object. Her nature was too hot and fierce; she would fly the first thing she saw,

he was never flown. But Ready, a passage tiercel, whose portrait we are able to produce, turned out an ideal game hawk. His work seemed to come naturally to him, and, when he had

killed a few partridges, he would mount and wait on. For a passage hawk he was of marvellous steadiness, and he would keep right overhead, working up and down the line if there were beaters working in line; when his birds rose he would always be with them in a moment, and he was also particularly good at footing, and it was his rule to pick up his bird in his foot, thus giving it no chance to escape, as a bird which is merely knocked down will often do. Lucifer, too, was a young tiercel of great promise, a little slow at footing to start with, and given to stoop at larks and such small deer; and at the beginning of September he would not look at partridges



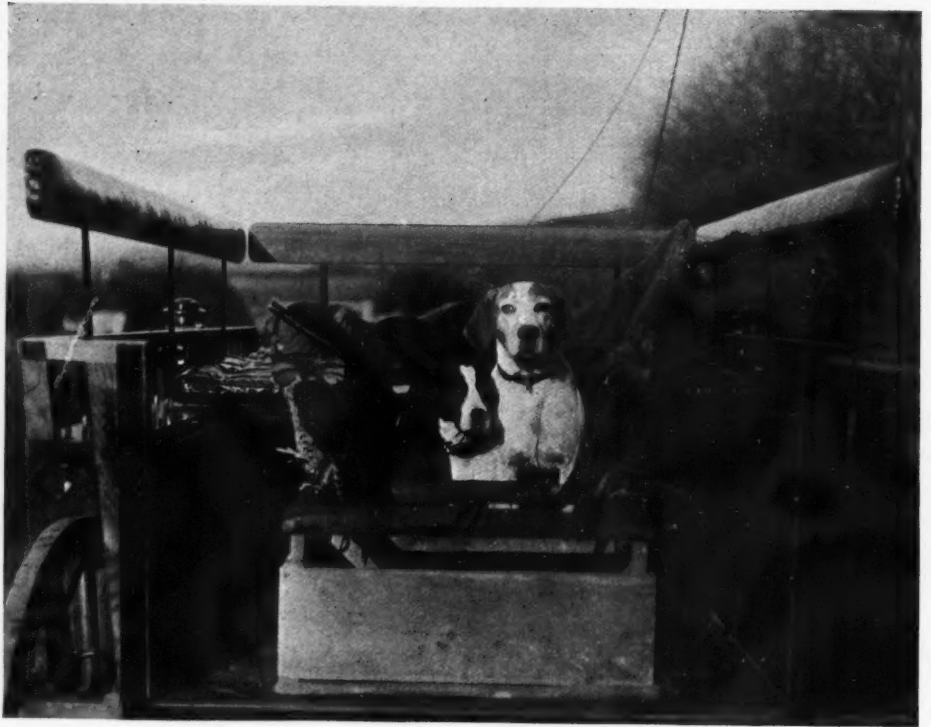
W. A. Rouch.

READY, WITH FOOD.

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But from the first he had great speed and wonderful power of mounting, and when he did take to partridges he displayed wonderful keenness. He, who at first would not look at partridges, has now developed such a passion for them that there are times at which he will not look at anything else, even a live pigeon. His fault was a certain want of steadiness. The fourth tiercel was Black Jack, not so fast as Lucifer, and luckless at the start, for many of the birds which he knocked down got away. Whether this is as discouraging to a hawk as to a dog we do not profess to know. Meanwhile it is quite astonishing to notice the apparently terrific blows from which partridges will recover. They have been known to be struck down, to bound like a ball 3ft. or 4ft. in the air, to leave bunches of feathers flying, and yet to escape into a thick hedge before the hawk could recover his stoop and settle on them again. It may be interesting to note the score made by these hawks up to December 8th, 1899. It was 100 partridges in all, Ready heading the list with 45, Lucifer coming next with 36, Black Jack next with 8, and Blanche last with 7. The balance of four is made up by the casual flights of Major Fisher's Patience, but the figure of course by no means represents her merits. Some stray things to the number of ten, including one strong wood-pigeon in full flight, Lucifer's victim, they killed besides. Many a man has killed more birds in a day; but falconry does not aim at great bags so much as at the very quintessence of sport.

A word of the ground which is at Mr. Blaine's command, for the worst of modern falconry is the difficulty of ground and space. There are four beats. The first is Bere Down, where a flight may be obtained, within a quarter of an hour's walk from the village, in large fields, with few trees, but horribly thick hedges. Next comes Chamberlayne Heath and the Warren, part of which belongs to Mr. Radclyffe, where it is difficult to do



W. A. Rouch.

THE HAWK-VAN.

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wide, and when it seems to them prudent; they will take ground like rabbits and in rabbit-holes; and the only time the falconer can get even with them is when the heather is wet with dew or rain, and they fear to run too far for fear of getting their wings sodden. Last comes Wool Heath, the favourite hawking ground of Mr. Radclyffe, who usually joins forces with Mr. Blaine when Wool Heath is the venue. And they have great days of fresh air in the rain and sun together, for both are intensely keen, their hawks are of the first order of merit, and their appliances are of the best. A minor, but a very convenient, example of this is Mr. Blaine's special hawk-van, which has folding seats, permitting a large-sized cage to be carried. Altogether, it seems to us that Mr. Blaine and Mr. Radclyffe are persons much to be envied.

## BIRD-LORE IN CEYLON.

EVERYBODY in Ceylon knows that the cocoa-nut bird is a presentment of the devil. And all native children learn as a part of their domestic catechism that the crow cawing on the nearest palm is probably the latest incarnation of a defunct grandmother. Such views make birds rather interesting. Most of us—if we possess any family pride—would regard with respectful attention the cries and movements of a possible grandmother appearing in the guise, or disguise, of a bird. An instinct of self-preservation would also lead us to be wary when devil-birds are on the wing. If you wish to conciliate a cocoa-nut devil-bird you must kill another bird before its very eyes. Of course you run the risk of sacrificing by mistake a grandparent or other departed relative. This is regrettable. But the feathered kinsman is not such a dangerous person as the devil-bird. So you choose the lesser of two evils.

Bird-lore is mainly superstitious, but it may be turned to profitable account. The crowing of a black cock causes so much superstitious terror that domestic servants in Ceylon are apt to base their refusal to do extra household work on the fact of this evil omen. Told to clean out the drawing-room after the black cock has crowed, "not lucky day, lady." And here the matter ends so far as the drawing-room is concerned. Insistence is worse than useless. The only thing to do is to kill the black cock, and then all the servants leave to escape the devil thus released.

Native rejoicings in Ceylon are apt to take the form of prolonged tom-tom beatings. The concert may last for a fortnight. A native annoyed by his neighbour's music does not go to the trouble and expense of an injunction. He repeats some devil-rhymes over a handful of broken sparrow eggs and throws them over the garden wall. If the charm works, the musicians are seized with a temporary paralysis and the performance ends abruptly. This is a simple enough remedy, were its efficacy proved, to apply to a next-door pianist or the concerted action of a German band.

It is noticeable throughout the folk-lore of Ceylon that vindictiveness is the leading feature. Horrible torments are devised by the natives to fit the most trifling offences. Fortunately for the community, revenge is wreaked mainly by spell and incantation. Were such vengeance to materialise, the "spicy island" would not be a pleasant place to live in.

A mistress scolds her house-boy for some fault. In retaliation he calls a devil-priest into consultation. Or out of his own original sinful knowledge he prepares a "charm" which will capsize her rickshaw or afflict her with typhoid. Perhaps he stirs her early cup of tea with a crow's feather, made malevolent by the use of rhymes composed of devil-words. Sometimes he makes assurance double sure by adding some tasteless native emetic to the feather-stirred cup that cheers. After many days of this unpleasant "spell," his vengeance is sated.

For wasting and bloodlessness the native of Ceylon has only one diagnosis. The illness is caused by a vampire demon helping himself to his victim's vitality. A black robin killed with suitable charms binds the vampire in



Rouch. LUCIFER ENJOYS A PIGEON. Copyright—"C.L."

any good unless the wind serves for driving birds on to the heath. Next comes Cobb's Farm, which again is difficult, for when the birds are driven on to a bare part of the heath and have been put up again they are apt either to fly back into the fields or to harbour in a large furze brake. Then there are "Frenchmen," which are an unmitigated nuisance to the falconer; they will not lie well under the hawk; they spread in all directions and rise



unwilling recognisances to keep the peace and abstain from his habit of burgling blood and strength.

Each bird call is translated in Ceylon into a definite sentence, and very romantic legends are built up on bird utterances. The only bird capable of speaking the entire Cingalese language is the parrot, who is hence regarded as a most accomplished creature. In one of his incarnations Buddha became a parrot, and to mark the high honour thus done to him he laid the whole family under a perpetual injunction to talk as men. Burnt birds' feathers mixed with bone-ash and beeswax form a miraculous ointment for bruises and wounds of all sorts.

Indeed, there are few human ends which cannot be served by a judicious knowledge of bird-lore. You can kill a neighbour through a bird agent, or procure a rich husband for your daughter. But all the bird tribes collected from the four corners of the earth would not persuade a Cingalese native to tell the truth. No modern miracle could work such a marvel as this.



#### GROWING DAFFODILS IN JARS.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, Mr. Robert Sydenham, the well-known horticulturist of Birmingham, showed some Daffodils growing in jars, not in pots in the usual way. The bulbs were in cocoa-nut fibre and shell shingle, four parts of the former to about one part of the latter, and at the bottom of each jar were nodules of charcoal. If shell shingle cannot be procured, coarse sea sand answers almost as well. The jars are then placed in a cellar until growth has well started, when they are transferred to a greenhouse. No drainage is provided in the jars, but when the bulbs appear dry Mr. Sydenham's practice is to fill the jars with water and then turn them on one side to allow superfluous moisture to drain away. Most charming results have arisen from using the different varieties of single Narcissi, Trumpet Narcissi, and more particularly the Polyanthus Narcissi. This is a very interesting way of growing Daffodils, and a departure from orthodox methods. Those who possess only small greenhouses or no glass structure at all can always achieve success by growing Daffodils. No bulbs are more easily managed.

#### A TRADE PROTECTION SOCIETY.

Some weeks ago we referred to the recent action of the Pharmaceutical Society in stopping the sale of insecticides and weed-killers, indispensable to all gardens and farms, except by qualified chemists. This has aroused considerable indignation amongst trade growers in this country, and the result is "The Traders in Poisons and Poisonous Compounds for Technical or Trade Purposes Protection Society." This society has been formed to secure the amendment of the Pharmacy Act of 1868. The initial meeting was held on December 6th, 1899, at Euston Hotel, London, where a number of influential firms were represented, and it was resolved that the existing unsatisfactory conditions of the Pharmacy Act of 1868, whereby poisonous compounds can only be sold legally by chemists, should be ventilated in the agricultural and horticultural and seed trade papers. A second meeting was held on the 6th inst. at Euston Hotel, when it was resolved to extend the sphere of this society to all those trades which are in any way affected by the existing Pharmacy Act, and which would be benefited by an amendment of the said Act to enable them to retail poisons or poisonous compounds for any technical or trade purpose, in original sealed packages, as received from the wholesale dealer or manufacturer. A committee have been nominated, with power to add to their number, who have appointed Mr. G. H. Richards as treasurer, and Messrs. Dobbs and Hill of Worcester as legal advisers. Officers and a permanent secretary will be appointed, and to meet expenses it will be necessary to obtain subscriptions from those interested. Among the gentlemen present at the last meeting there were guarantees given amounting to £150, and as the expenses will be considerable, it is earnestly hoped that a sum will be subscribed sufficient to carry on the work to a successful issue. Since it is desirable to make the movement popular, the minimum subscription for membership has been made 5s. per annum, or a donation of 10s. 6d. Cheques and post-office orders should be made payable to the order of G. H. Richards, hon. secretary *pro tem.*, and crossed "London and County Bank, Lambeth Branch," and forwarded to him at the temporary offices, 128, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

#### RECENT NEW PLANTS.

We shall in future describe the new plants and flowers shown before the committees of the Royal Horticultural Society, as this, we think, will interest our readers. Many of the most important new flowers and fruits are shown first at these meetings, and it is important to those who are enthusiastic about their gardens to know of those things likely to become popular in the future. *Nicotiana sylvestris*, about which we have lately written, is one of these, and this will soon be a familiar garden flower.

*Pelargonium (sonal) Mrs. Ashworth.*—This is a very distinct and charming variety, shown by Messrs. H. Cannell and Sons of Swanley. The plant is of neat growth, quite a little bush, and bears a profusion of stems, with large single white flowers, pretty on the plant, and effective in the mass. It is a dainty flower and a vigorous plant.

*Rhododendron Dr. Stocker.*—This is evidently a hybrid. A Himalayan species is one of its parents, the other being *R. ponticum*, and thus it is a combination of tender and hardy species. It will be interesting to hear if this *Rhododendron* succeeds in the open garden. Probably it will do so when placed in some sheltered corner, but in quite the South of England and Ireland there should be no trouble with it. Dr. Stocker, after whom it is named, showed a single shoot, bearing a number of large open flowers of tender colouring, white touched with lemon yellow within, and a wavy margin adds to their beauty. It promises to become as useful for the greenhouse and conservatory as that fine hybrid Countess of Haddington.

*Pentapterygium serpens.*—This is not new, but one of those interesting hard-wooded plants seldom grown nowadays. A charming specimen was shown recently before the Royal Horticultural Society by that enthusiastic grower Mr. J. T. Bennett-Poë, who has never relaxed his efforts to maintain from entire obliteration these fine hard-wooded plants, fast passing out of cultivation. True,

they are not always easy to grow, but for that matter many popular flowers present the same cultural difficulties. The *Pentapterygium* is a native of the Eastern Himalayas, and of curious growth; the stems are arched over, and sparsely clothed with leaves, whilst the vermilion tubular flowers hang down in profusion. It needs a warm plant house, a large pot to accommodate the big root stock, and well-drained peaty soil.

#### TREE CARNATIONS.

One of the best growers of these beautiful flowers writes the following interesting note about them: "The Tree Carnations owe much of their popularity to the fact that they may be had in flower during the dull days of winter, when they form a charming feature in the greenhouse, and their flowers in a cut state are much in demand for button-hole flowers and similar purposes.

"To succeed in the culture of Tree Carnations it is necessary to begin with good healthy cuttings. They may be put in either in October or February, but this latter month is preferable. The best cuttings are not the stout terminal shoots, as many suppose, but the side ones that have been well exposed to light and air. Pots 4in. in diameter are a suitable size for the cuttings, and are prepared for their reception in the following manner: The pots must in the first place be quite clean, and one-third filled with broken crocks for the purpose of drainage. The soil should consist of equal parts of loam, leaf mould, and sand, the whole being passed through a sieve with half an inch mesh. The pots being filled with this soil pressed down moderately firm are now ready for the reception of the cuttings. These, which should be about 3in. long, must be prepared, firstly, by cutting them off with a sharp knife immediately below a joint, and then removing a few of the lower leaves to provide a space for insertion in the soil. About half-a-dozen cuttings around the edge are suitable for a pot 4in. in diameter. The cuttings must be put in firmly, with a pointed piece of wood known as a dibber, but care must be taken not to bury them below the base of the bottom leaves. As the pots are filled a thorough watering through a fine rose is necessary in order to settle everything in its place. A close frame on a gentle hotbed is a good place for the cuttings, or a propagating case in the warmest part of the greenhouse will answer the same purpose. When rooted, which will be in about three weeks or a little more, artificial heat must be reduced by degrees, and the young plants gradually inured to an ordinary greenhouse temperature. As soon as they are all struck, and before the roots are too much matted together, they should be potted singly into small pots. The soil this time must contain more loam, and need not be sifted. A good position for them at this stage is an ordinary frame in a spot well exposed to sunshine. By May they will require a shift into pots 4in. or 4½in. in diameter, and after the check of repotting is over plenty of air must be given.

"The watering, too, at this stage must be carefully done, as an excess of moisture will quickly cause injury. Some of the varieties have a great tendency to run up tall, with but few branches, while others naturally form good shaped plants. The first-named ones may about this period have the point of the leading shoot taken out in order to encourage the production of side branches.

"Plenty of air must be given whenever possible, and they should be fumigated occasionally, as aphides or green fly quickly injure the growing plants. Early in June the plants may be stood out of doors, placing them on a bed of coal ashes, as in this way worms are prevented from entering the pot. By midsummer or a little later they will be ready for shifting into their flowering pots, which will in most cases be 6in. in diameter.

#### SOIL FOR FINAL POTTING.

"A suitable soil for the final shift is two-thirds good yellow turfy loam to one-third well-decayed leaf mould and sand. The plants should be potted rather firmly, then neatly staked and returned to their quarters out of doors. Careful watering is at all stages absolutely necessary, and an excess must be carefully avoided. In attending to their various requirements, such as weeding, tying, and standing them a little wider apart as they develop, a sharp look-out must be kept for aphides, which are apt to collect on the points of the shoots. They may be readily destroyed by dusting with tobacco powder. During the evening of a hot day, or as soon as the sun is off them, the plants are greatly benefited by a free sprinkling of water overhead, and directly afterwards is a good time to apply the powder, as it adheres to the insects and quickly kills them. Early in October, at which time the plants will be bristling with flower buds in various stages of development, they must be taken into the greenhouse, and so placed that there is a free circulation of air around them. Fire heat, too, must at that time be as limited as possible. After flowering through the winter the old plants will be needed to supply cuttings, but are seldom worth the trouble of growing on a second season."

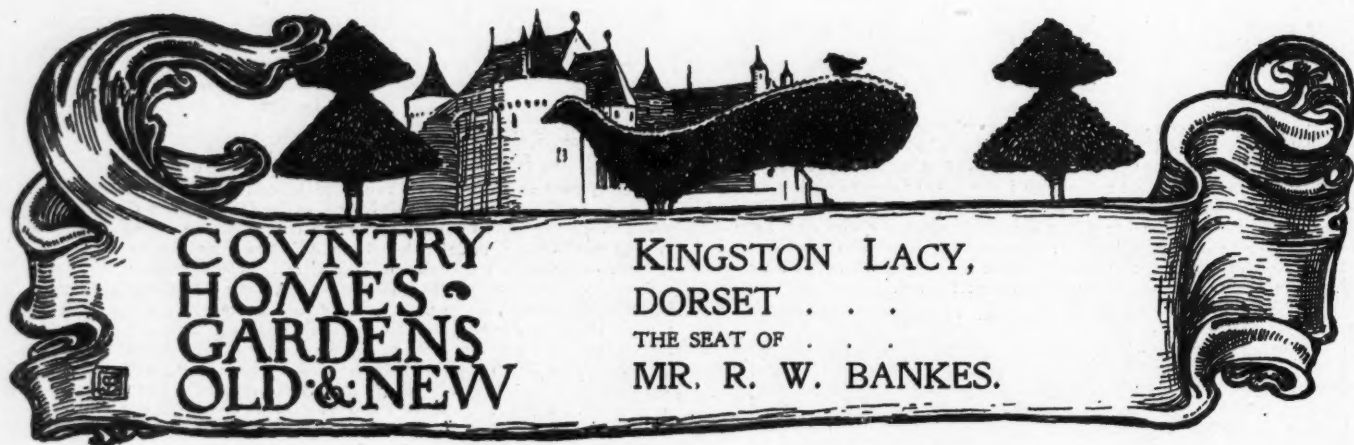
#### THE LENTEN ROSES.

One never sees the true beauty of the late Hellebores, or Lenten Roses, to distinguish them from the Christmas Rose (*Helleborus niger*), at exhibitions. The flowers are usually limp and dull-coloured, but in the clear light of an early spring day, the beautiful form and shades are evident, obtained by crossing *H. colchicus* and *H. orientalis*. There is nothing showy in the colouring, but it is infinitely varied, from lurid purples and plum shades to the delicate rose and white, as delicately stained as the petals of a hedge Briar, in delightful harmony with the warm browns and greys of the late winter landscape. Some are almost snow white, save a soft green staining in the centre, the leaves quite bright in colour, and the plants flower so freely that many are produced from a single tuft. It is interesting to watch the behaviour of the flower stems in severe weather. A sharp frost will put them flat upon the ground, but with the sun they are again restored to normal conditions uninjured. When used for cutting, the stems must be slit up an inch or more and the flowers thrown into water every day for an hour, otherwise they quickly flag.

#### THE NEW ROSE META.

"M" writes: "This tea-scented Rose may have been raised from *Beauté Inconstante*. There is the same distinctive feature of various coloured flowers appearing on the one plant. Meta is undoubtedly an artistic Rose. The blend of colour is exquisite: crushed strawberry, saffron, and coppery yellow. Such a combination cannot fail to please, and when to these attractions is added a powerful fragrance there is little doubt but that this variety will become a general favourite for cutting. We have had several of these uncommon-coloured Roses of late years. I fear they are not so hardy as we could wish, but Meta seems to possess a very good constitution. If we can but infuse the Homère-like hardiness into this type they will be grown by the hundred, in the same way as the tinted Chinas, Madame Eugène Resal, Queen Mab, etc., are being grown."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters of difficulty concerning the garden. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



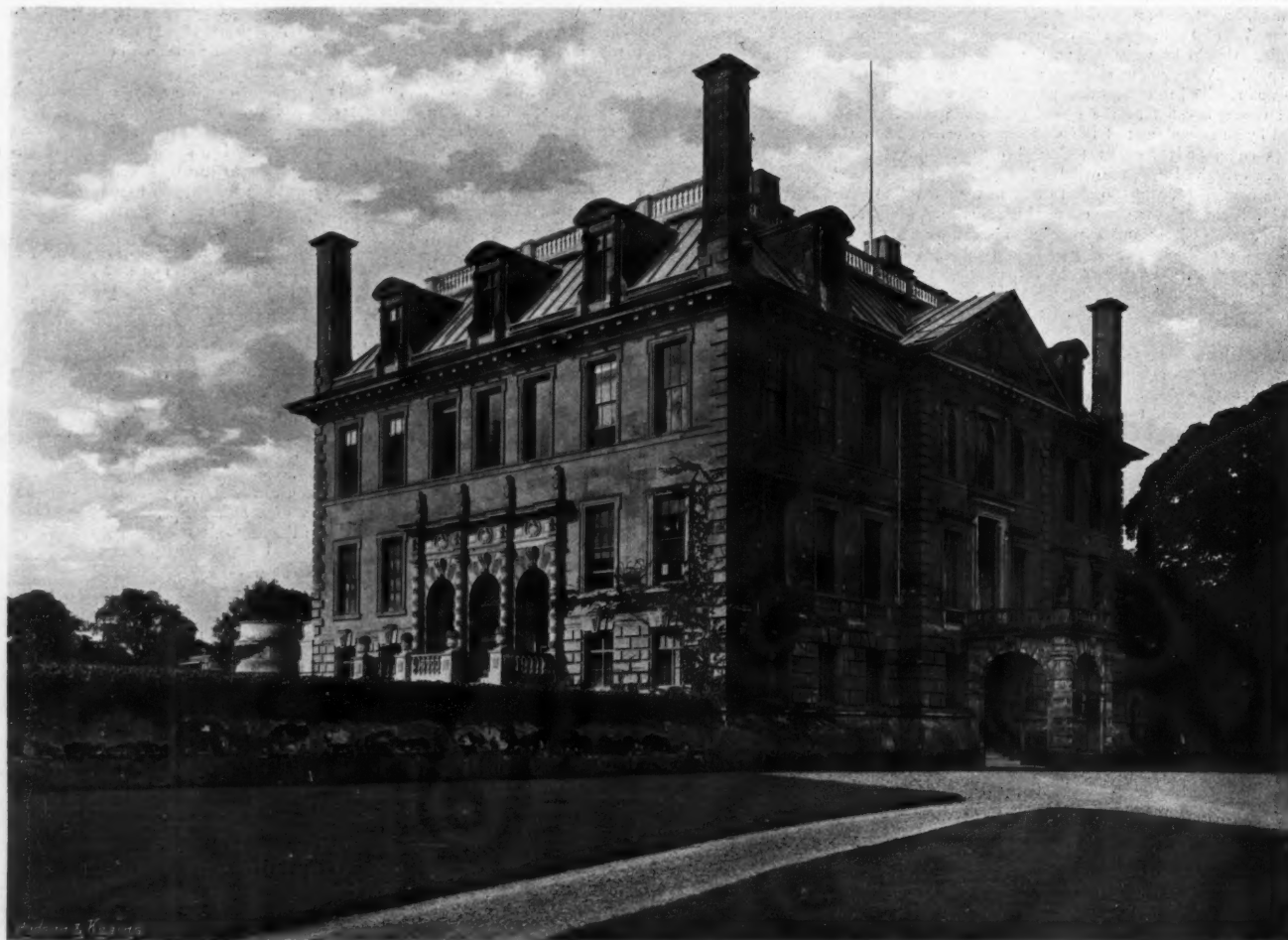
THIS beautiful and extremely interesting mansion lies a short two miles north-west of Wimborne in Dorsetshire, on the Blandford road, in the valley of the pleasant River Stour, flowing thence to ancient Christchurch and the sea. The country is attractive with the charm of Nature, and rich in the memorials of history and ancient occupation. Norman lords have added distinctive names to local designations, and Maltravers and Marshall, Glanville and Stourton, and many more whose names are written in the proud Roll of Battle Abbey have left their mark on the county. The great family of Lacy, Earls of Lincoln, were once lords of Kingston, and so it bears their name to this very day. Now, for many generations, the place has been the possession of the old family of Bankes, whose mansion stands in the midst of a beautifully-wooded park, distinguished by the presence of numbers of noble trees of ancient growth. Sir John Bankes, Attorney-General in 1634, "that exceeds Bacon in eloquence, Chancellor Ellesmore in judgment, and William Noy in law," was the purchaser of Corfe Castle, whose wife so stoutly defended it, during a siege of six weeks, for the King, that the Parliament men drew off and left it unsubdued.

The house at Kingston Lacy was built by Sir Ralph Bankes, and was begun shortly after the Restoration in 1660, from the designs of Inigo Jones, whose work and general plan still remain,

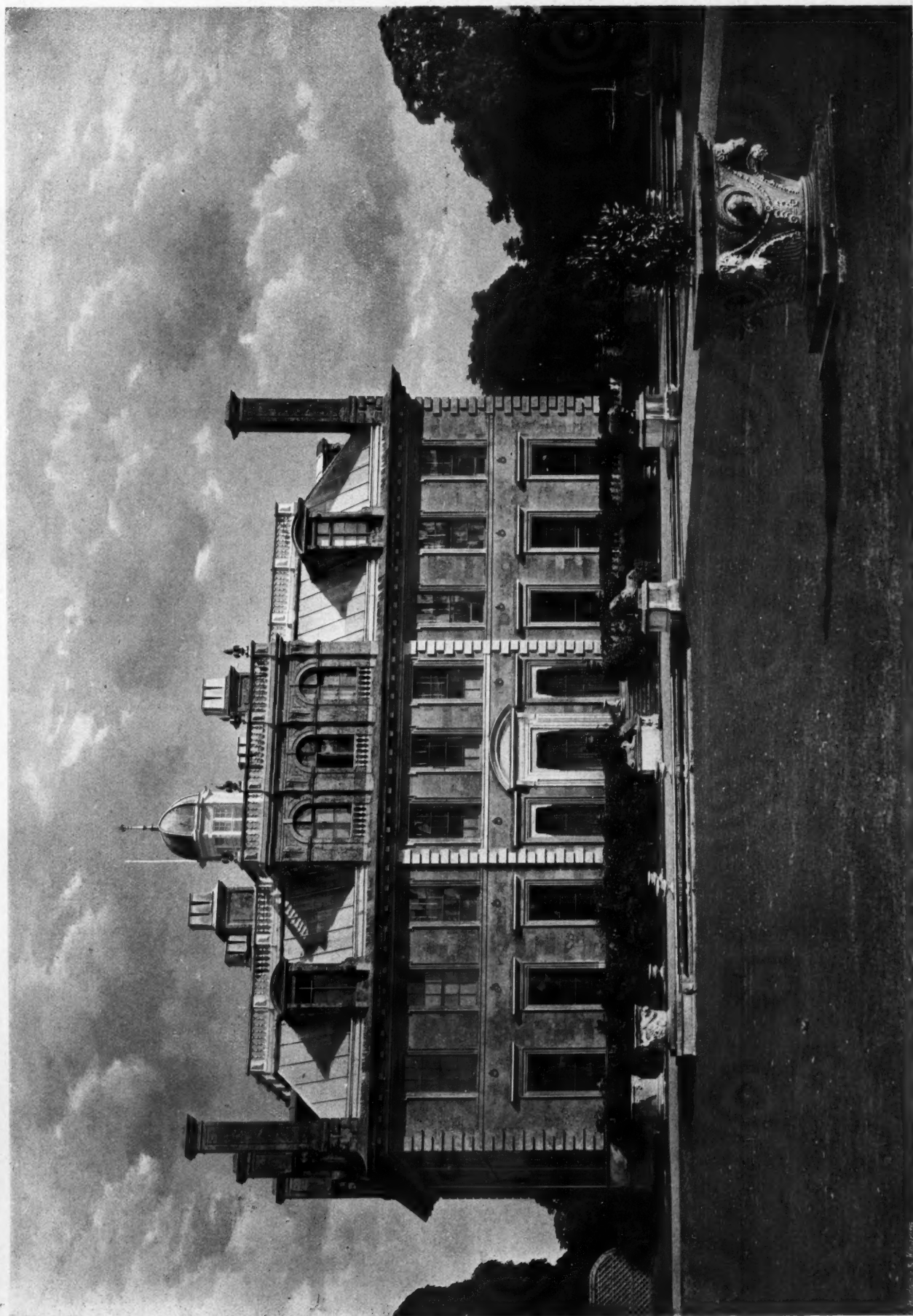
though the mansion has since undergone many changes. The whole of the exterior, which was formerly of red brick with stone quoins, has received a facing of Caen stone, and was embellished with further architectural features and details in the Italian style by the late Sir Charles Barry in the year 1834. How beautiful and spacious it is our illustrations sufficiently reveal. There is in it a character of completeness that is very charming and satisfactory, and the care that has been lavished upon the house has been carried also into the garden, where the architecture and sculpture are superb and extremely rich in character and detail.

Garden architecture has been much neglected in English gardens, but it holds a high place in the function of uniting the house with its surroundings to constitute a pleasing and harmonious whole. As the house is, such is the character of the brick or stone work in the garden. It may be stately and formal, befitting a classic pile, or it may take a quainter cast and fall into a different picture, where—as in the famous terrace at Haddon—a mossy balustrade flecked with sunshine and shadow, and a flight to the lower lawn, seems wholly appropriate to the battlements, pinnacles, and mullioned windows of Tudor and Stuart days.

A magnificent staircase of Carrara marble, 30ft. wide, leads up from the entrance hall at Kingston Lacy, and the house is full



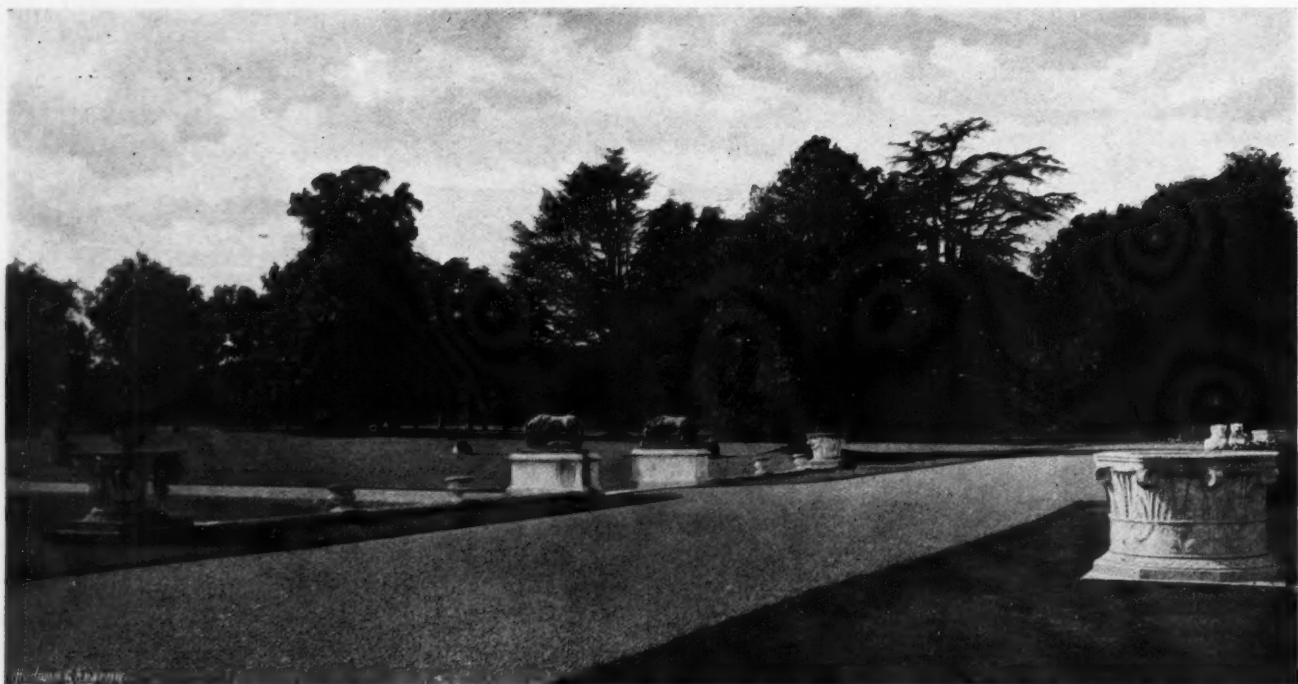




GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—KINGSTON LACY: THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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## THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the finest examples of art drawn from the best collections in Europe by the care of successive hands. The pictures are superb, one room being filled, for example, chiefly with splendid works of the Spanish masters. Sir John Bankes, who from Attorney-General became Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas—the purchaser of Corfe Castle—began to fill his gallery there, and several pictures which he admired are now at Kingston Lacy. Successive members of the family have possessed the same fine taste and discriminating judgment, and have been men of well-known attainments, who in extensive foreign travel have gathered many beautiful things for their home.

A perfect unity of character exists between the house and the garden. The terrace is extremely rich and beautiful, and it

is supremely delightful to look thence over the lawns, to note the beautiful trees, and feel the fragrance of the flowers. There are beautiful urns of bronze upon highly-wrought pedestals. Upon the south lawn, sheltered by the long, overhanging limbs of noble cedars of Lebanon, or strewn with the blossoms of venerable limes, are disposed large vases of various forms and rich materials, some of them of ancient pozzi, and well-tops brought from the courts of Venetian palaces, or fashioned out of the marbles from the parti-coloured quarries in the mountains above Verona. Sculpture by the late Baron Marochetti, too, is here to give further adornment, and the broad terraces and marble steps have dignity and character that is very delightful.

One notable feature is a large Egyptian sarcophagus of



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## BRONZE VASES.

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INIGO JONES'S GARDEN STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

granite, and a still more striking object rising skyward is the tall and stately obelisk of red granite, brought from Philæ by Belzoni in 1819, and erected in its present position at Kingston Lacy. The venerable monolith stands within full view of the house, and in a place chosen by the great Duke of Wellington, who laid the foundation of the pedestal on August 17th, 1827.

The garden at Kingston Lacy has thus a very distinguished character. In spacious dignity, the broad sweep of emerald lawn, the far-spread shadow of noble trees, the attraction of a beautiful park, it has few equals. Quaintness is there, too, with a more wistful charm, perhaps, in the moss-grown sundial and fine armillary sphere; but wherever we go at this charming seat there is something to appeal to the sense of beauty, and much to satisfy the sense of fitness. We may walk from the stately terrace to pass through the scented avenue of glorious limes, whose boughs sweep the turf, and may linger in the delightful hollow of the cool fernery deep in its welcome shade. There are yew hedges, too, if not so extensive as in some places, and the climbing plants cling to the balustrade, and the garden is full of flowers.

What more shall we ask? As the years go by we find greater richness and beauty arising in flower effect in our English gardens. New forms are introduced, while the old hardy flowers improved still hold their sway. Kingston Lacy is not wanting in any of these. The present owner, who was high sheriff of his county in 1880, is a great lover of the garden, and has recently

added a fine range of glass-houses extending over 600yds. He has added much to the charm of the place, and its condition is all that could be desired. A happy union, we repeat, is this of house and garden—a seat ranking high among those in the West of England.

At Kingston Lacy are kept the keys and seal of Corfe Castle, that ancient place so closely connected in its later fortunes with the family of Banks, and of which Mr. Banks was the last mayor in 1881. He is also "lay bishop" of Wimborne



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THE LIME WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Minster, with which his family has many associations. The north porch there was erected to the memory of the late Right Hon. G. Bankes, M.P. for the county, and the beautiful east window of the minster, with its lancet triplet and shafts of Purbeck marble, was filled with old Italian glass by Mr. W. J. Bankes. The present Mr. Bankes of Kingston Lacy enjoys the rare distinction of being, by royal charter, Lord High Admiral of Purbeck, an office of great antiquity, belonging to the times when the admirals of the coasts were charged with important duties in relation to the defences and privileges of the shore.



Copyright

THE LION AND SERPENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

For the rest, it is not necessary to spoil the enjoyment of the reader by telling the story baldly in advance. Thus much, however, may be said—he, or she, who misses this book or passes it by on one side, will be missing a great treat. Essentially, it is a woman's book; a book written by a woman, and concerned largely with the feelings of women, which is a revelation. But, perhaps mainly for that reason, it appeals strongly to men. My meaning will best be illustrated, I think, by quotation. Jethro, big, good-humoured Jethro, has introduced a silly little woman, Pamela, who displaces Gainah, who has been mistress of Folly Corner for many years. Pamela is taking possession, and this is how she does it:

She dashed out into the corridor and met the housekeeper midway. "I was coming to look for you," she said, with her unfailing good temper and self-satisfaction. "I want your opinion on the drawing-room. There! isn't that pretty? Cousin Jethro doesn't care a bit; but, then, men are no good at decoration. And I want you to give me the key of the china closet," she added.

A queer flush stole over Gainah's cheeks, and her distorted hand went involuntarily to her apron pocket, and her cold eyes sought Jethro's beseechingly. Pamela had her arm outspread.

### BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"FOLLY CORNER," by Mrs. Henry Dudeney (Heinemann), is a domestic tragedy. Mrs. Dudeney had won her spurs in "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken," and in this new novel she confirms her claim to our esteem. Practically every word which was applicable to the first story is appropriate in reference to this one also. It abounds, to cull a phrase from *Literature*, "in little nature pictures of cloud, of flower, of tree, so closely observed as to stick pertinaciously in the memory." To quote the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it has "insight and art"; to borrow language from other critics, it has power and pathos, and it haunts and grips us. With the whole story I have not time to deal, nor will I say more than that it is full of incident and of truth, and that it stirs the emotions to their depths: It is a domestic tragedy.



KINGSTON LACY: THE ARMILLARY SPHERE.



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THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK.

"C.L."

"Yes, we'll have a look in the closet," Jethro said, easily. "Don't know when I went in last. There is a lot of stuff that was my mother's and your aunt's." As he put in this touch, he glanced meaningly at Gainah, with the half-limid assertion of a big, kindly man who has been subjugated by a mean woman.

He wanted her to remember, without troubling him to hurt her by putting it into words, that Pamela was one of the family, and had a close interest in the family crockery.

"The closet is only opened once a year, when we clean in spring," Gainah said, grudgingly. "I don't want strange fingers handling the china."

But she opened the door. Pamela, quite as a matter of course, took the key off the ring and slipped it into her own pocket.



"It is a mistake to hide old china. The room won't want locking again," she said, gliding over the bare, dusty floor. "What a lovely collection! I wish I had known, then I need not have wasted money on Kaga. Anyone can buy that at so much three farthings—farthings play a most important part in modern decorations, cousin Jethro."

She dimpled round at his puzzled face, and threw a conciliatory glance at Gainah, who had taken up a canary-coloured jug with uneven black lettering straggling round its bulging middle. They were all three in the tiny room, lighted by one high window, across which the foamy white rose crept.

"May I look?" Pamela took the canary jug. "'Long may we live. Happy may we be. Blest with content. And from misfortin' free.' Most delightful sentiments, and equally delightful spelling," she commented lightly, while Jethro watched her with a growing admiration, and the cold light slanted through the window on Gainah's worn, malevolent face.

"What, blue bowls and dishes! What lustre! I think they call that coppery stuff lustre."

"My mother's best tea set." Jethro took up a tiny handleless cup with purplish-pink trails of flowers painted on it.

"Lowestoft, I think," Pamela cocked her head on one side. "But I know nothing of china. Therefore I admire it all—that is a very safe rule in art. Now you and Gainah must run away." She made a feint of pushing him towards the door. "I'm going to be busier than ever. All this must be arranged to the best advantage. Then the door will be left open, and when next we go to Liddlehorn you must buy a *portiere*."

She jumped upon a chair, and lifted bowls and dishes from the top shelf, making a running comment as she did so.

"I wish I knew printed from painted. This dish is either very valuable or utterly worthless; some things are just on the borderland. You two must really go away." She put out one hand deprecatingly. "There ought to be some tin-tacks, or a ledge in front of the shelves, so that the plates could stand up."

Gainah looked at her, a brilliant, dainty, white creature, high up on a mahogany chair whose back was carved in wheat-ears. She had all the colour and pertness of a bullfinch. She looked at her, this dangerous, hateful republican; looked at her white fingers carefully handling china which for over thirty years only her own hands had touched. She had grown to believe that it was hers, that Jethro himself was hers, and the farm too, with its fat acres and its ripe family tradition. She had been undisputed queen at Folly Corner the best part of her life. All the family connections, when they paid Jethro a rare visit, had deferred to her. Yet not one of them knew the truth—that Jethro's father had almost married her.

She thought of that as she watched Pamela standing radiant on the chair.



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THE OLD SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Bring him forward," cried the pirate captain, as Craddock appeared between the carpenter and the quartermaster. "Keep the ports closed, but clear away the port guns, and stand by for a broadside. Another two cable lengths and we have them."

"They are edging away," said the boatswain. "I think they smell us."

"That's soon set right," said Sharkey, turning his filmy eyes upon Craddock. "Stand there, you—right there, where they can recognise you, with your hand on the guy, and wave your hat to them. Quick, or your brains will be over your coat. Put an inch of your knife into him, Ned. Now, will you wave your hat? Try him again, then. Hey, shoot him! stop him!"

But it was too late. Relying upon the manacles, the quartermaster had taken his hands for a moment off Craddock's arm. In that instant he had flung off the carpenter and, amid a spatter of pistol bullets, had sprung the bulwarks and was swimming for his life. He had been hit and hit again, but it takes many pistols to kill a resolute and



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KINGSTON LACY: THE FERNERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

powerful man who has his mind set upon doing something before he dies. He was a strong swimmer, and, in spite of the red trail which he left in the water behind him, he was rapidly increasing his distance from the pirate.

"Give me a musket!" cried Sharkey, with a savage oath.

He was a famous shot, and his iron nerves never failed him in an emergency. The dark head appearing on the crest of a roller, and then swooping down on the other side, was already halfway to the sloop. Sharkey dwelt long upon his aim before he fired. With the crack of the gun the swimmer reared himself up in the water, waved his hands in a gesture of warning, and roared out in a voice which rang over the bay. Then, as the sloop swung round her head-sails, and the pirate fired an impotent broadside, Stephen Craddock, smiling grimly in

his death agony, sank slowly down to that golden couch which glimmered far beneath him.

After two works of the imagination, space may very well be found for mention of a thoroughly practical work on "Side-Saddle Riding," by Miss or Mrs. Eva Christy (Vinton and Co.). With the main principle, that ladies ought to be taught to ride by those of their own sex and not by men, every wise person will agree. Further, it is clear from this book that it is the work of a practised horsewoman, and that it teaches as much as a book can teach of a very difficult art. No detail of management, or even of etiquette, is omitted, and the result is a volume valuable, lucid, and instructive above the common measure of books.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### RE-ENTER CUPID.

MEANTIME, the town was agog with excitement over a fashionable wedding and its attendant festivities—a bear and bull fight, horse-races, endless eating and drinking; in brief, a week's carnival. And upon the eve of the function, Alvarado told me that another plot was afoot, and that the "friends" of the señor Valence—as he put it—were implicated, to wit, Soto and de Castañeda. I offered myself as surety for Courtenay's innocence.

"Tate," said Alvarado; "he is fool, not knave, this pleasure-loving youth, but fools at times give wise men anxiety. Estrada is here."

A question burned on my tongue's tip, and my chief laughed.

"Yes," said he, "Magdalena is with him."

Then he eyed me curiously and waited.

"If the pack were reshuffled," he observed, presently, "Soto might find himself next to your Queen of Hearts. Are you still of the same mind in regard to her?"

"Yes, I am. Your Excellency smiles; but I love her, as—well, as she deserves to be loved."

"And," he seemed cruelly unsympathetic, "and you are sure, my friend, that this love is returned?"

"Absolutely."

"Buena. I see my way. If I told you to go to Estrada to-morrow and to ask him for his daughter, if I authorised you to use my name as a guarantee that your fortune would be my care, if, in fine, I sent him a son-in-law, I, Alvarado, do you think he would accept you?"

"Your Excellency," I exclaimed, fervently grateful, "how can I thank you?"

"Thank me later," he said, drily. "If my suspicions hold water, you will be politely shown the door. And—*Dios!* I hate to wound you—but I doubt whether the señorita will accord you the reception you anticipate. She will be at the Casa Estrada to-night. Go and tempt Fortune."

"Your Excellency is not quite frank with me."

"You are—dense, my friend," he retorted. "Well, then, listen. Estrada has come to Monterey, a town he detests, to attend, ostensibly, this wedding, but unless my information is at fault he and Castañeda are about to make a last effort."

"Then you apprehend—assassination?"

"I expect to take care of myself and of you—hot head."

"And you think that Magdalena would lend herself to—"

"I did not say so," he interrupted; "but my point is this—a fine one, you will admit—if Estrada considers your suit, we may assume that he considers the issue of his plans at best doubtful, but if he is confident of success he will politely, very politely, snap his fingers at both of us. I know the man well."

"And I know the maid."

"Her father's daughter, Juan."

"Her mother's, your Excellency."

"Well, I wish you luck. I shall not require your services again to-day."

As I was hurrying to Larkin's I met old Mark and told him my news. He said that he had just seen Magdalena; and, when I asked him how she did, he replied that she was thin and peaky-

facéd. "The bird is pining," he added, somewhat gloomily. I asked how his own affairs were prospering. He grinned and said gruffly: "The aunt is making a damned fool of me."

"Jilted?" I gasped.

"No, my lad; we'll be spliced right and tight before Christmas; but I am to do penance. A jack priest orders me about as if I were a swab before the mast. Enough o' that. And, hark ye, the Madam is your friend. I've given you a coat of paint, and registered you *Al*. But you, too, must turn Papist. She insists. What? You won't. Pooh, pooh, the maid is worth it."

He pinched my arm. Then he dealt me a slap in the face.

"Jack," said he, "I must warn you that your Magdalena has a big black crow to pick with you."

I stared at him, gaping with amazement.

"In God's name, what have I done?"

"My lad, she's a Latin and but a slip of a girl. She has suffered. And I'll wager she counted upon you to come to the rescue."

"I am working night and day for her sake."

"Tut, tut! Here, Jack, love comes first; work is put off till to-morrow. Judge not the maid according to your prim Oxford standard."

And with that he left me, face to face, for the first time, with the barrier that lies for ever between the sexes.

Magdalena, it seemed, resented what she stigmatised as neglect. Neglect! Good God! After such strenuous endeavour! I forgot that while I was working she was sitting idle, a captive, scorned by her father, possibly ill-treated. The injustice of woman is a scourge of scorpions. I had yet to learn that the best of them visit upon the heads of their well-beloved the sins and shortcomings of others. Now I was being whipped for the cruelty of Don Narciso, and you may be sure I smarted. Letty poured oil into my wounds; predicted plenary absolution for sins not committed. Her sympathy, I discovered, was with the maid and against the man. I ought at least to have written.

"The letter would have fallen into her father's hands."

"Not if it had been given to a friend to deliver. There are ways and means."

When my wrath cooled I saw more clearly the nature of my offence. Then I burned again to kiss away the hurt, and so burning returned to Letty and coaxed her to walk with me to the Casa Estrada. I prinked myself out in the suit Vallejo had given me, and scrubbed my big face till it shone like a harvest moon. Finally, feeling as stiff as the felt of my sombrero, I climbed the hill with Letty, and presently stood, scarlet with heat and excitement, in the presence of my mistress.

She welcomed me with cruel ceremony. 'Tis true Tia Maria Luisa was present, but Letty—who received but a cold kiss from Magdalena—engaged the stout dame. I was confounded at the change in her: her face was pale, her eyes encircled with bistre-coloured rings, her graceful figure less round in outline. The eyes, however, flashed a spark or two.

"I compliment you," she began in her soft voice. "The rich grasses of Monterey agree with Don Juan Charity. *Ay de mí!* the feed is not so fine on the Santa Margarita."

I suppose I looked like a stuffed calf. None the less, though compared indirectly to the beasts of the field, I was not dumb. The prick of the goad moved me to retort:



"If my body has been fed in Monterey, my spirit—God knows—has nourished itself on the Santa Margarita."

"You have not forgotten how to turn a phrase," said my Lady Disdain, and she met all advances and explanations with a pretty show of wit and exasperating indifference. She was equally cold with Letty. I had not the sense to guess what ailed her.

Presently Letty rose, and we took our leave. I was in a vile temper, yet with a queer twist in my vitals, for suffering and solitude were writ plain on Magdalena's face. I had appraised working at a higher price than waiting—a man's blunder. Now I felt doubly sore on her account and on my own. Passing Soto with a grin upon his face, I was minded to pull his long nose, but reflected suddenly that I would then be doing to him what I had accused Magdalena of doing to me. After all the barrier between a man and a maid is not so big as it seems. I took pleasure in stripping myself of my finery, and made certain that Magdalena had been better pleased with my soiled face and clothes. I must have looked a popinjay to her. After that I played a game of skittles with Larkin, and listened to the gossip of the town, but all the time I was thinking of the grating in Magdalena's chamber and savouring the honey of stolen kisses.

Presently Courtenay joined us with a cloud on his fair face. I explained matters, and he whistled, much disconcerted. He had counted upon Magdalena's becoming my wife and the companion of Lettice. He fretted at the touch of the curb. The mercury in him raced up and down at any change in the temperature.

"Soto thinks his marriage a certainty," he muttered. "And if she jilts you—"

"Don't use that word."

"You were plighted lovers."

"Were? We are."

'Twas late when I stole up to Magdalena's grating, and, lo! in the middle of the road stood Soto, guitar in hand, wailing out in a dismal falsetto some absurd serenade. I slipped away noiselessly, making good use of the gulch before mentioned, and turning a sharp corner tumbled over Procopio. He held his finger to his lips and then grinned. I understood that Servin was also abroad, and that my faithful servant had a cross-marked bullet ready for its billet. We crouched there for half-an-hour till the coast was clear, for Cosmé joined Soto after the squalling was done, and the pair strolled toward together, a well-matched team. I bade Procopio keep his distance, and then ran to the grating. No light burned in the room, but I whispered Magdalena through the bars, and waited. She was there. I could hear her breathing.

"Cruel one," I whispered. "I have my puñal at my belt. Come and finish your work."

Was the wretch laughing? A soft chuckle fell on the silence.

"Magdalena, your laughter is a stab in the dark."

A sigh inflamed me.

"Come," I urged, passionately, "you cannot doubt my love. You have it all. Will you make no return? Will you leave me bankrupt? You have misjudged me, wronged me, but I love you too dearly to be angry. *Dios de mi alma!* will you keep me in hell, when you hold the keys of Heaven?"

I heard a movement toward the grating; then the fat voice of Tia Maria Luisa said, softly, "Don Juan, will you teach the captain the art of making love? Truly you are a master," and she chuckled again, but not unkindly.

"Dear lady," I urged, "where is Magdalena? Send her to me."

"*Ojala!* You ask me, her dueña, for my niece, as if she were a dish of *dulces*."

"You know what love is," I pleaded. "Be kind."

"I am kind not to wake Don Narciso."

"You are the most blessed of women, and El Capitan the luckiest of men."

"*Ay yi!* how sweetly you talk. You make me feel young."

"Is Magdalena very angry with me?"

"Never mind. The señor Soto sings to her."

"His singing does not stir my jealousy, dear lady. Will you take a message from me to Magdalena?"

"What is it?" I could tell from the tone that curiosity was pricking duty.

"Swear to deliver it?"

"I swear, by the Virgin, if—if it is proper."

"Your ear, please."

She inclined her ear between the iron bars. 'Twas the prettiest part of her, a pink, delicately curved ear, that had leaned to more than one such message as I straightway delivered.

"*Ay de mi!* You wicked man! How dare you!"

"Please take that to Magdalena, señora."

"To the captain rather; he will kill you. *Dios!* but you are bold, bad! What will Padre Quijas say when I tell him in confession that a heretic has kissed me?"

"Tell every man in Monterey, señora. Not one will blame me."

And with that for a parting shot, I marched away.

However, the next morning, when I waited on Don Narciso, and stated the nature of my business with him, he said, with a face like a block of granite, that his daughter was not for me.

"For Soto?" I exploded.

"Not for you, señor."

"I love her and she loves me," I stormed. "You dare not keep us apart. She is mine—here and hereafter."

"*Tate, tate!* Has youth in England no respect and courtesy for age? Yes, señor, don Inglese, I dare to keep my daughter from a heretic in this world, and God will doubtless attend to the matter in the next. I wish you good-day."

(To be continued.)

## WINGED MESSENGERS.

UNDOUBTEDLY few pastimes have ever so suddenly achieved popularity in England as that of flying pigeons, and yet our fathers were addicted to the sport, though in the pre-telegraphic days there was more of business about it than there is now, as *Bill's Life* and other sporting papers were compelled to rely largely upon the pigeon post for the very latest information they received from the training quarters. The serious aspect of what is a source of innocent amusement to many thousands of our countrymen has, moreover, been fully recognised by our own and foreign Governments of late years, in fact almost every civilised nation has now its Government lofts, the British establishments of the kind being three in number, one of which is situated at Sheerness, a second at Portsmouth, and the third at Devonport, all of them being under the control of the Admiralty.

It is quite reasonable, however, to imagine that the immense services rendered by flying pigeons not only to the military authorities, but to the public at large during the siege of Paris, and more recently in South Africa, where some Durban fanciers offered the loan of their birds to General White shortly before Ladysmith was finally invested, will have the effect of inducing the War Office to devote more attention to the establishment of lofts. The success of the Durban pigeons has indeed confirmed the good opinions already formed of the value of the homer in time of war, and consequently these birds are likely to receive still more attention from the public, especially as it will be remembered to his credit that the homer rendered good services to the Alert and Discovery Polar Expedition years ago.

It may here be mentioned that the term carrier, as applied to the racing or homing pigeon, is a misnomer which betrays a great ignorance of Columbarian subjects on the part of the person using it, as the carrier is a very old-established variety of fancy pigeon, which is not only as unlike the subject of this paper as two birds could be, but is so abundantly provided with flesh-coloured wattle upon its beak and eye that it is probably incapable of finding its way home from a distance of a quarter of

a mile. The homer, or racing pigeon, as it is now the custom to style the bird which carries the messages, in order to distinguish it from the so-called show homer, a cumbersome-sized



Hedges. FIRST PRIZE-WINNER, LERWICK.

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offshoot of the true variety, and by comparison quite useless for active service, is a comparatively recent production, as it is a result of the judicious crossing of various flying breeds, such as the real Antwerp and the Smerle; and probably, also, the dragon, the high-flying Cumulet, and the owl are also represented in the original strain. No doubt it was the enterprise of the Belgian lovers of pigeon racing which contributed originally to the development



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S LOFT.

of the modern *royal*. Certainly no other country in the world can claim the possession of more enthusiastic and devoted supporters of the pastime than Belgium, and it was from there that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales obtained the first homers he ever possessed, the pigeons being a gift to him from the King of the Belgians. This was in the year 1886, but the birds were not trained, being confined in aviaries for breeding purposes, and they were crossed with most satisfactory results in the year 1888 with some others also received from the King of the Belgians.

Since that time the Prince of Wales has been very constant in his liking for racing pigeons, but it was not until last year that His Royal Highness achieved the chief object of every owner of flying pigeons by winning the great annual race from Lerwick, N.B. The bird which accomplished the feat is a handsome blue chequer cock, with good wing butts and plenty of feather, and was bred by the Prince rather late in 1897, so that he was not trained as a youngster. In 1898, his training was accomplished by tosses at the following distances: Three miles; 20 miles, Boston; 115 miles, Dewsbury; and 117 miles, Whitley, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. Last year his stages were two miles, Boston, Lincoln, York, Whitley, Banff, and Lerwick. His sire was a blue cock, bred by the late Mr. George Chisem, whose father and mother had both flown from Rennes; whilst the dam of the Sandringham crack was a blue chequer bred by the Duke of York from a pair of birds the gift of Mr. F. Duchateau, of Quevaucamps, and a very consistent worker herself, as she had flown all stages from Arbroath, N.B.

The other pigeon illustrated is the blue cock, bred and owned by H.R.H. the Duke of York, which took the third prize in the Lerwick race. This bird was hatched in 1895, and as a youngster flew from Sheffield and Leeds; in 1896, after three preliminary tosses, he flew Lincoln, Doncaster, Northallerton, Newcastle, and Banff; whilst in 1897 he did all the usual stages to Arbroath and then jumped to Lerwick. He is by no means a big pigeon, but he is well feathered and furnished with a very bright eye, though he has not the appearance of a bird which could stand a lot of rough work; but the fact that he flew Lerwick in 1897 and again in 1899 proves that his heart is in the right place. It may be mentioned, too, that in spite of the successes of the Sandringham birds in the big race last year, they were handicapped by the proximity of their lofts to the Wash, as owing to

the dislike pigeons possess to crossing a wide expanse of water if they can avoid it, they go rather out of their way to come over where there is a narrower strip of sea beneath them.

The interior of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's loft, the exterior of which is the subject of an accompanying illustration, is divided into two compartments for old and young birds respectively, the nest-boxes being a special feature of the establishment, and they are so constructed as to be easily removable. The birds are fed from hoppers, and after the breeding season is over the nest-boxes are closed and old and young birds are allowed the use of both lofts. During the months of January and February the sexes are let out alternately, but with the exception of these months the birds have a free loft, and may generally be seen about the lawn or flying to and from the adjacent fields. During the winter months the cocks are kept in the inner and the hens in the young bird loft, the nest-boxes being opened about a week or ten days before the birds are mated, so that each adult cock can take possession of his old box, and the young ones select theirs from those which are vacant. The hens are then placed in the nest-boxes of the cocks with which it is intended they should mate, and are confined therein until they are thoroughly paired, when both birds are let out into the loft. Although there is an aviary for prisoners, *i.e.*, birds which have been received from other lofts for breeding purposes, and which may in consequence be likely to escape,

it is the usual practice at Sandringham to give such pigeons their liberty after one of their wings have been cut, and it is generally found that by the time they have moulted and the feathers are grown they are quite content to remain where they are.

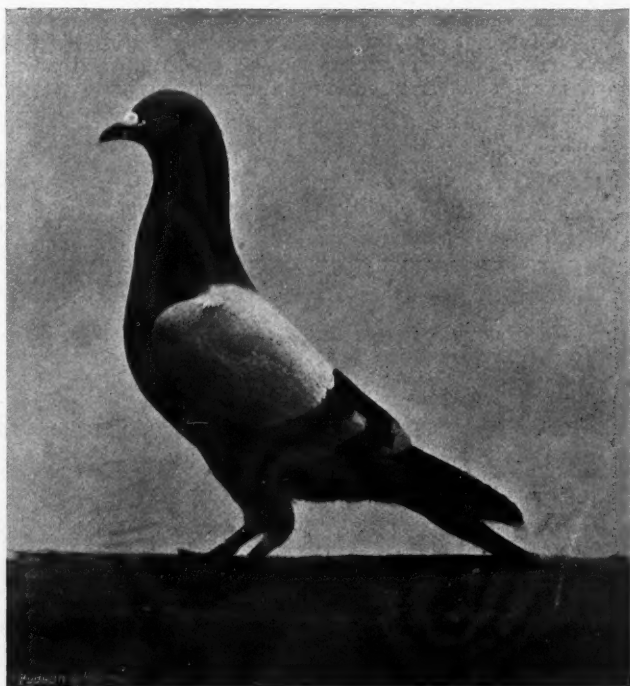
H.R.H. the Duke of York only began to patronise flying pigeons in 1893, and his loft, being a more recent erection than that of the Prince of Wales, may in some respects be preferred to the latter. This loft consists of two rooms, and on entering it on the left is the prisoners' pen, from which access to a very good flight is accomplished by means of a small alley-way. The racing birds are in the upper chamber, the trap entrance to which is shown in the accompanying illustration, and all the arrangements are admirable, though the artistic nest-boxes of the Prince of Wales's establishment are not in use here. In both lofts the birds are supplied with fresh water to drink from open



THE DUKE OF YORK'S LOFT.

fountains, which can be easily cleansed, great care being taken in handling and catching the pigeons on their return from a race. In order to ensure this the traps and windows are fitted with blinds and shutters, so that the loft can be darkened without any trouble in a very short space of time. Although a few seconds may be lost by this, the system has been found to work well, and it may be commended to the consideration of other owners of flying





Hedges. *THIRD PRIZE-WINNER AT LERWICK.* Copyright

pigeons. That these are many in number is proved by the fact that there are 600 Flying Societies in England, the principal body of the kind being the National Flying Club, of which the Duke of York is president, while the Prince of Wales is also a member of it. Perhaps, therefore, the time may come soon when the public will cease to labour under the erroneous beliefs that the carrier and the homer, or racing pigeon, are identical varieties; that the birds carry their messages tied under their wings instead of round their legs; and that a homer is capable of flying in any direction his owner desires without having been subjected to a proper course of training.

V. S.

## RURAL . . . EDUCATION.

ON April 1st the new Board of Education came into existence and superseded the old Department of Science and Art, South Kensington, and the Committee of Council on Education. Sir George Kekewich is its secretary, and, acting on its behalf, one of the first things he did was to issue to the managers and teachers of rural schools a memorandum setting forth what their duties are in regard to country children. This document, we are glad to say, reads in some parts like a paraphrase of the views set forth from time to time in *COUNTRY LIFE*. It fully recognises the great absurdity of imparting only commercial ideas to boys and girls of whom the majority will have to work on the land. The village school, in the resounding official phrase, is to become "more consonant with the environment of the scholars." From what follows, we find that this means fewer books and more training of the observation. The children are to be "encouraged to ask questions about the simple phenomena of Nature," and they are "to search for flowers, plants, insects, and other objects to illustrate the lessons they have learnt from their teachers." In other ways a knowledge of country life is to be built up. Drawing lessons, for instance, are to be directed to tools and implements in common use. The pupils are to be sent out into the playground and adjacent fields to do some practical mensuration and draw up plans of their surroundings. An excellent idea! It will make the urchins realise that education is not a thing in the air, but has a palpable bearing on actual life. Further, it is a step towards the cultivation of mother wit. The great fault of the system hitherto has been that it consisted too much of book work and rule-of-thumb, so that it is a common-place that the young generation of peasants, though much better able to read and write than their forefathers, are far behind them in practical intelligence. They read a greater number of inferior novels, but they are not nearly so good at ploughing, reaping, sowing, and other tasks of the rural swain. Further, they hate the country, and escape from it whenever they can, mostly because they know so little about what is interesting in it. But Sir George Kekewich has struck a severe blow at the formal and mechanical system that has nearly ruined our farm labourers. He insists that the teacher

should take his pupils out for a walk occasionally, and "give simple lessons on the spot, about animals in the fields and farmyards, about ploughing and sowing, about fruit trees and forest trees, about birds, insects, flowers, and other objects of interest." As Sam Weller would say, "it verges on poetry," this idyllic picture of Mentor going abroad with his string of pupils, and instructing them about the zoology of the farmyard and the duck-pond. Sir George is so enchanted with it, that he vows the children "will be able to master with far greater ease than before the ordinary subjects of the school curriculum." In other words, they will gain alike in physical and mental strength.

The Board of Education deserves to be congratulated on having grasped the situation and rightly interpreted the needs of country people. As an ideal system this is almost perfect. But that is not by any means to say that those who have stirred themselves in this matter have reason to be contented. They are entitled first to ask if there is a fair prospect of its being effectively worked and applied. Because a pious opinion has been expressed in Whitehall, it does not follow that a salutary change will take place in remote villages. They will ask if the elementary teachers are competent and willing to carry out the programme. It takes the shape, be it remembered, only of a friendly exhortation. Were it entirely neglected, no pains or penalties are incurred. That means in practice that an enthusiast here and there will take it in the spirit in which it is offered, and that in other hands it will be a dead letter. Elementary teachers as a body are conscientious and hard-working, but it would be unfair to expect from them more than ordinary human nature yields. And in their ordinary training this object has not been kept in view. Most of them have grown up in towns, and are not greatly interested in Nature knowledge. They have had to give all their attention to subjects that pay in a wearisome series of examinations. Moreover, it is casting no slur on them, but only drawing a deduction on business principles, to say that the most intelligent of the class are not found in rural schools, which are smaller, and therefore yield less in salary than those of the town. Other things being equal, it is usually safe to look for the best men where the best wages are given. But other things are not equal, since the schoolmaster has overwhelming temptations to go townwards in the shape of better prospects, less dulness, and fewer Sunday and other extra duties. Further, the village schools are shrinking to a most extraordinary extent. We could name several wherein the decrease amounts to as much as 50 per cent. in ten years, the explanation being that men with young families are keenest to get to the city. Well, in these literally half-empty schools it would be absurd to expect the best teachers. Yet for these fatherly walks by field and farmyard a man is needed of very superior mould, one very familiar with the objects he has to talk about, and with the faculty to speak simply yet attractively about them. They really succeed in doing so in Germany, where the practice with excellent results has for a long time been established, but it is hopeless to expect it here till very considerable changes have been effected in the preparation of those who teach. Again, it is of little use to recommend a subject unless it is to be tested by examination. Not that we are enamoured of examinations either, but if you have one set of subjects tested and the repute of the school and wages of the staff dependent on the result, it is hopeless to expect that attention will be given to others which are not so tested.

Taking these things into consideration, one would be very sanguine to expect an immediate appreciable result. England is only waking up to principles that have been understood and acted on in several continental countries for the best part of half a century. The Board of Education will require to take more energetic measures before it can be said to have justified its existence. Indeed, politicians and statesmen have not yet shown themselves sufficiently alive to the importance of the movement which gives power to this cry for rural education, viz., the depopulation of the rural districts, which is pressing on farmers this year as it never did before, labour in many places not being obtainable either for love or money. It threatens a very serious injury to the nation at large. Unless people can be got to live in the villages and hamlets, we must become dependent more and more on the colonies for the soldier who is most effective on the modern battle-field, the men reared to an open-air life, accustomed to horses, and as handy with the spade as the gun. Fifty years ago they abounded in the rural England which now they are vacating. There is now much talk of establishing village rifle clubs, but of what use are they likely to be if there are not men? Commerce itself must be enfeebled when there is no longer fresh country blood to invigorate it. Similarly the decay of the fisherman agricultural population on the coast means the loss of the very best class of naval recruits. But for it we should be spared the necessity of manning our very transports with foreign seamen. To attack an evil so great and menacing with any but an energetic hand is worse than folly; it is suicide. Yet statesmen, on whichever side they happen to be, appear to suffer from a lack of initiation. Lord Rosebery, Mr. A. J. Balfour, and several others have shown that they

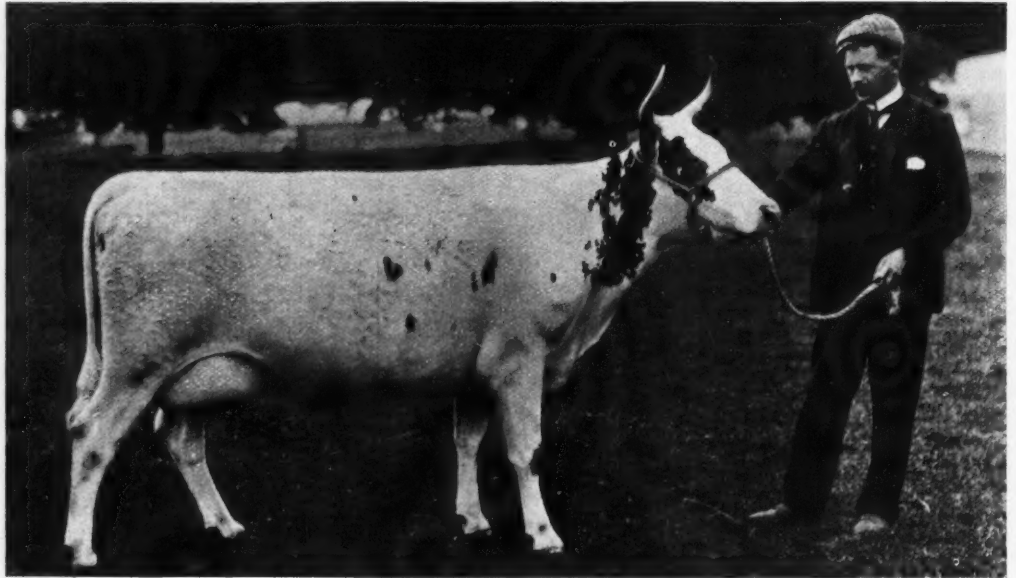
recognise what is happening, but so far no one has come forward with a proposal except it be Sir George Kekewich. He has done, perhaps, as much as was practicable under existing circumstances, but in any event education will not suffice in itself; it can only have an ameliorating effect when employed in

conjunction with bolder and stronger measures. By far the most satisfactory feature of the case is that by the issue of this memorandum the Board of Education has shown a disposition no longer to shirk a difficult problem, but to apply modern scientific principles to its solution.

## Dairy and Other Cattle: The Ayrshire.

THE Ayrshire is emphatically a milk cow, and one of the best of its kind. In size it occupies a middle place between the Jersey and the shorthorn, the average live weight of those exhibited at the Dairy Show being a little over 1,000lb. Those who want a general purpose animal will avoid it, but for its size there is no better milker. A well-known breeder, Mr. William Bartlemore, from actual records has worked out the average yearly yield as from 630 to 660 gallons. The standard of a practical dairyman is 500 gallons; he would not consider a cow profitable if she gave less. But a really good one will sometimes far exceed the average. At the show of 1889 Mr. Holms's famous cow Snowdrop had not been entered for the milking competition, but the judges, wishing to know her capacity in this respect, asked that she should be tried. In the result she completely outclassed the prize-winner, making no less than 119 pints of excellent milk, weighing 51lb. 8oz. The amount, it need hardly be said, is well up to the best champion form. Ayrshire milk also analyses well, showing a high percentage both of butter fat and other solids.

This cow has other qualities to recommend it. Accustomed to the harsher climate and scanty pastures of Scotland, it is, when obtained direct from its native soil, the hardiest of all deep-milking breeds; but it should be remembered that after a few generations have been reared under the more generous English climate the Ayrshire loses something of its original vigour, and develops a tendency to lay on fat at the expense of its dairy properties. This may, however, be counteracted by skilful breeding and management. In its original home the cow is accustomed to a frugal style of life and exposure to all weathers. Up to a certain point better food and shelter are found to result in an improvement both as regards the quality and quantity of its milk. As is well known in the land of Burns, the office of the cow is to produce cheese rather than butter, the "weel-hained

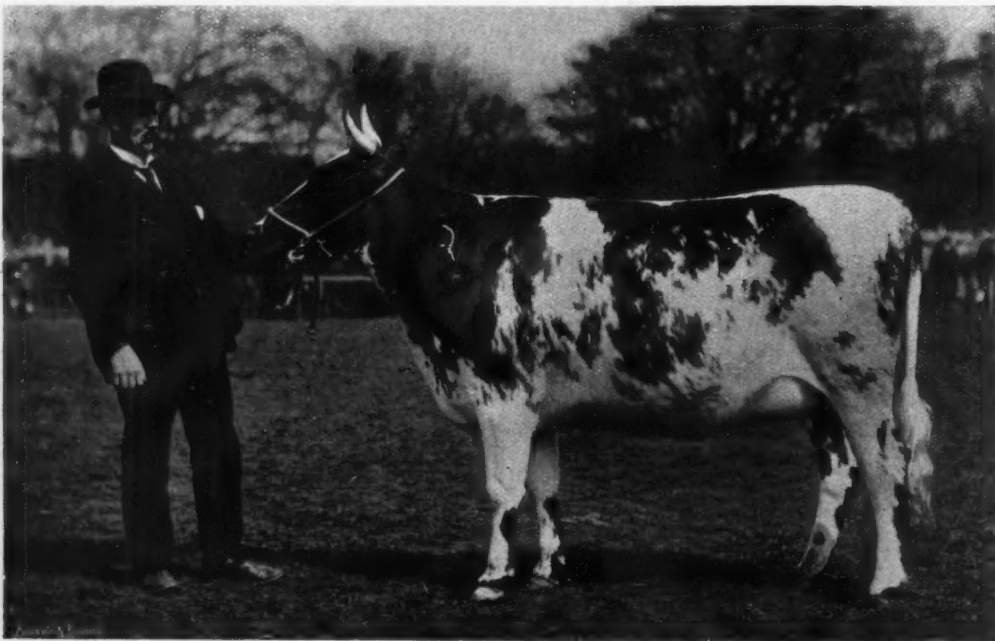


C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CHERRY RIPE.

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kebbuck" figuring to a larger extent than in England as part of the ordinary fare of the farm. Cheese-making has come to be an industry of the district, and the treatment of the cow has been directed for several generations with an eye to the formation of caseine. You could almost call it a cheese cow, therefore, and yet if the sources of the breed be considered, chemical analysis will easily be credited when it shows that with proper selection and management it may become a first-rate butter cow. The first volume of the Ayrshire Cattle and Herd Book was issued as late as 1878, the society having been founded the year before; but the breed had existed long before that. Early in the eighteenth century Ayrshire had a little cow, of which the owners, with or without good reason, were very proud; towards 1750 it was supplanted. What the exact composition was no one can now tell. The best of Ayrshire was then cultivated to a large extent by tenant farmers, "bonnet-lairds" or small proprietors, keen, clever, hard men, accustomed to work themselves and to turn all their chances to account. They bred for milk and cheese, and from the pick of such beasts as were locally available. In all probability these were the hardy West Highland cattle, the Kyloes as they were commonly called, the shorthorns then coming into favour with the rich proprietors, the Alderneys or Channel Islands attached to some of the country houses, and the Dutch cattle then being imported to the English borders. Out of these elements was evolved a breed of small cows that has long come true to type, and so on began to be prized for its large return of dairy products, combined with a low consumption of food. It was natural that the frugal Scotch should desire beyond all else an economical cow. Since then the size has increased, but the efforts of the last three-quarters of a century, which has witnessed the formation of so many shows and agricultural associations, have been to develop and render permanent the original characteristics. At first the breed was practically confined to the counties



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WHITE ROSE II.

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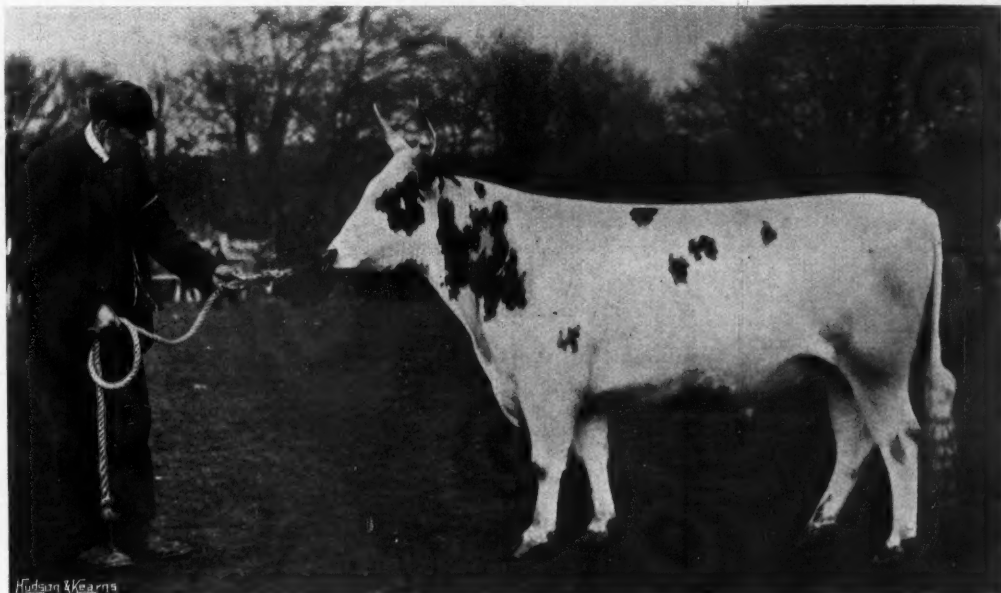
of Ayr, Renfrew, and Lanark, but now its fame has travelled wide and far. Excellent specimens are to be found in every pastoral district of England and Scotland, and there is a good and increasing demand from the Continent. In America, where much attention is devoted to Ayrshires, it has been practically demonstrated that under ordinary conditions—that is to say, summer grass and the usual winter feeding—the breed stands first for producing milk and cheese. The herd kept by Dr. Sturtevant in Massachusetts averaged for one period of twelve months 703 gallons per cow; for eight years the average of the whole herd was 585 gallons. Ordinary cattle in the best dairy districts of New York average scarcely 400 gallons.

Under scientific breeding the appearance of the Ayrshire has been considerably modified. Instead of the "wee eye and crookit horn" that the bonnet-laird believed in, horns wide-set at the roots, less bent, and of upward growth are demanded; while the eyes, instead of being "wee," should be full and lively. Black used to be a favourite hue, but, like all other composite breeds, the Ayrshire is now parti-coloured; the common colours are brown and white, sometimes one prevailing, sometimes the other. The shape ought to show heavy hind-quarters, supporting an udder tucked up behind and extending well forward; in Scotland there was at one time too much of a fancy for very small teats; English breeders do not like them so minute, but insist upon their being evenly formed and wide apart. Fine of bone, short of leg, deep-thighed (for a dairy cow), woolly-skinned, long neck—all these are points of importance in the Ayrshire.

From this brief outline rather than description it may now be possible to estimate the value of the Ayrshire in an ordinary English dairy. A question that often arises is what to do with the superfluous milk at the season of the year when the flush is greatest. To sell it then is extremely difficult, since dairy farmers send to town far more than there is a market for, with the consequence that they have to face a very considerable fall

pence a pound is readily obtained by dairies with which we are acquainted; but in these cases not only has the production of butter been a steadily-pursued object, but a great deal of time and energy has been devoted to getting together a circle of private buyers. In other words, they are essentially butter dairies. As a means for the disposal of milk at the period when it is flush, butter making has not been found to answer practically.

Cheese-making has done so. Probably there are no keener farmers anywhere than the canny Scots who have taken to



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KOOH-I-NOOR.

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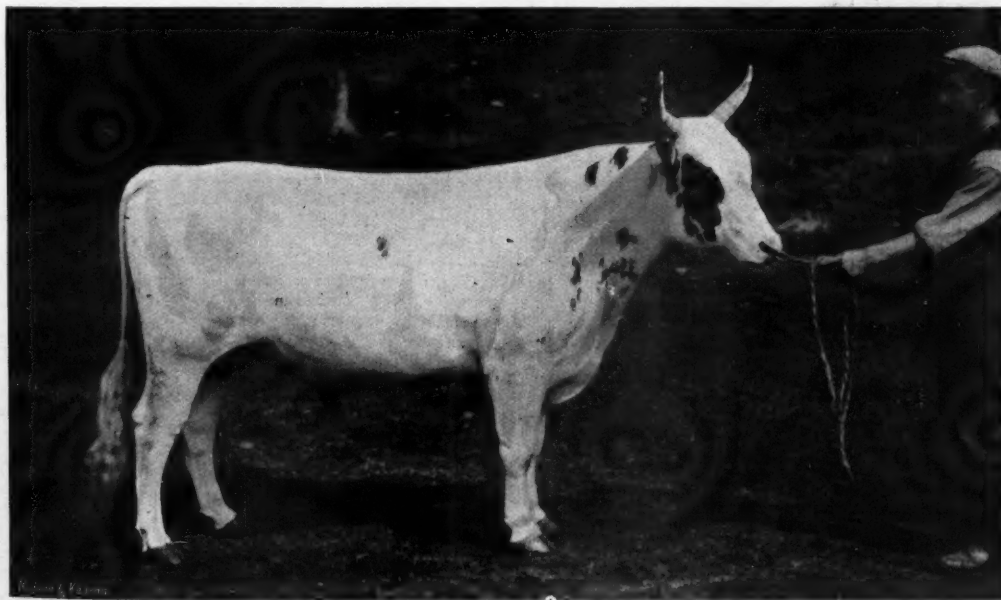
dairying in Essex. They have to face terrible competition, and the land is not at all suitable to pasture—it is laid down only as a makeshift. Thus they cannot afford to give away a single point in the game. It is worth noting, therefore, that they find it more profitable to turn the superfluous milk into cheese during May and June. In other parts of the country the shrewder sort of dairymen hold the same view. At one place they have taken to manufacturing Cheddar, and find that 300 gallons of milk yields 290lb. of cheese, which sells at about fivepence a pound. During early summer it is scarcely possible to obtain fivepence a gallon for milk—at any rate, for all the milk produced by a herd of cows. Under these circumstances cheese-making

may be said to be profitable. And where that is roughly the line to be followed—milk-selling for most of the year and cheese-making when there is a surplus—no breed of cows can be recommended more heartily than the Ayrshire. It is easily and cheaply kept, hardy, vigorous, and healthy, a deep milker, and one that has been for many years employed to produce cheese, and chosen and fed for the purpose.

Mr. Primrose McConnell's eulogy is quoted with approval in the latest edition of "The Book of the Farm," and is worth reproducing if the reader will keep in mind certain changes that have occurred since it was penned: "They will cost £15 per head to lay in; will cost £15 per annum to feed; will yield about £20 produce, which will be over 600 gallons of milk per annum, showing 3·5 to 4 per cent. of fats, 12 to 15 per cent. of cream, 12½ per cent. of solids, and 200lb. of butter per annum,

and she will sell when fat at £12 to £15. Her hardiness will enable her to live and to thrive in exposed situations and on scanty fare, while when taken South, if she gets plenty of good water to drink and is not pampered with too much good food, she will do better and will repay the outlay and trouble."

The cost of keep is probably too high. At a very large and profitable dairy, where the cows are done well and a rent of £256 is paid for eighty-eight acres, most careful accounts are kept, and the cost of keep amounts for each to a little over £12. A better



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FIRST CHOICE.

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in price. In butter-making there are two points to be considered. Ordinary butter made, say, from the milk of shorthorns or red-polls has to compete with imported factory butter—shilling-a-pound butter, as we may describe it. About three gallons of such milk is required to the pound, and as the value of the skim milk will certainly do no more than meet the cost of separation, etc., while eightpence or ninepence a pound is about what is actually obtained for the butter, it is evident that the result is a dead loss. For really fine Jersey butter from fifteen to nineteen

average is attained than 600 gallons, but the prices of dairy produce have fallen. At fivepence a gallon, and neither butter nor cheese will yield more in these times, 600 gallons works out to only £12 10s. Certainly not more could be expected from a fatted Ayrshire cow than from £10 to £15. When the accounts are adjusted, however, and allowance made for the fall in rent and the price of feeding-stuffs, the result ought to be satisfactory.

Our illustrations, as will be seen, amply prove what we have said, that the leading characteristics of the Ayrshire are those of a pre-eminently dairy breed. The first, CHERRY RIPE, is the beautiful cow belonging to Mr. Panmure Gordon that carried off first prize in the Kelso Show of the Highland and Agricultural

Society in 1898. She is, perhaps, a little too light in colour to suit some English tastes, but it does not amount to a defect that would weigh in an exhibition. She is a model for the dairy. For colour WHITE ROSE II. is preferable, but Cherry Ripe is more to our fancy in other respects. She belongs to Mr. William Howie of Galston, and was first at Ayr in 1899. KOH-I-NOOR is a very typical Ayrshire bull, champion at Ayr, and at the Highland and Agricultural Show at Edinburgh in 1899. He belongs to Mr. Howie of Kilmarnock. The other, FIRST CHOICE, belongs to that admirable sportsman and agriculturist, Sir Mark J. Stewart, Bart., M.P. He was first at the Perth Highland and Agricultural Show in 1896.



## AT THE THEATRE

AS the old theatres disappear new theatres make their appearance. The Opera Comique and the Olympic are to come down, but in Great Queen Street, abutting on to the County Council's new thoroughfare, is arising a charming little playhouse with a cumbersome and inelegant name, a dramatic temple, new in everything

but the four exterior walls. Mr. W. S. Penley, inimitable comedian and astute business man, saved the old down-at-heel Novelty from the housebreakers, and in its shabby place has built a handsome little house, which is to be called the Great Queen Street Theatre. This he will open soon after Easter with the simple but successful farcical-comedy, "A Little Ray of Sunshine," which had a successful career at the Royalty some time ago.

Meanwhile, fashionable London has taken the oft-unfortunate Royalty to its arms, and has made it the vogue to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her great performance of Magda, and her comrades who act with an all-round perfection, which very rarely obtains in a London theatre. Here we see the conjunction of the "star" system and admirable detail, a consummation but very rarely met with, certainly never in England, except at the half-dozen "crack" theatres of the metropolis. To witness "Magda" is to enjoy a feast of drama and histrionism. It proves that the austere "problem" play need not necessarily be undramatic and uninteresting. But we doubt if even Sudermann, its author, will again unite so successfully the qualities of realism and theatricalism—in its best sense.

Mr. R. C. Carton had a very natural and a very justifiable prejudice against the production of a new play while the public is so absorbed in the grim tragedy in South Africa. But, apparently, he has succumbed to the wiles of Mr. Arthur Boucher and Mr. Charles Wyndham, for his new comedy—which is not to be a scathing satire on the "smart set," but a pleasant comedy without a bitter taste—is to succeed "His Excellency the Governor" at the Criterion at no distant date. Mr. Carton may have argued with much reason that the first excitement of the war has worn off even from this generation, which hitherto had not known a great war, and that the public is turning again to the theatre for relaxation, particularly to the theatre which offers it bright and lively fare.

Observers will agree with him. There was a terrible "slump" in the drama at the beginning of the war, and it felt each reverse more and more acutely. With success came a corresponding improvement, and the playgoer has returned to his allegiance. The theatrical exchequer still acts as a thermometer, and the nights after the receipt of news of the two recent minor reverses in the Free State showed a falling off. But the depression was only partial, and did not compare with that of the earlier dark days. It is well that this is so, for millions of money are invested in theatrical enterprise, and hundreds of thousands of workers of all grades depend upon it for their livelihood.

Mr. George Alexander is once again experiencing the pleasant feeling of financial success, which, indeed, but rarely deserts him, more rarely, perhaps, than any other actor-manager of his status and elevated policy. Refined melodrama has brought this happy state of things about, and it is only just that this class of piece should befriend Mr. Alexander, who is always ambitious and is but rarely satisfied with anything but the highest altitudes of art. Sometimes art—with the bigger A—leaves its votaries in the lurch, and it is a good thing for the deserted worshippers to show art that it can be done without, to a degree. Of course, "The Man of Forty" is not without art—far from it—but it is not art on a pinnacle. So next time the fickle Muse may come down from its pedestal and vouchsafe a smile to one who pays more constant devotion to it than most.

Another thing. Mr. Alexander has once again "scored" with a new English play by a modern English dramatist. The more often managers succeed without foreign adaptations or the classics the more willing will they be to give the living Englishman a chance.

The success of "The Man of Forty" has caused the postponement until September next of Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play, "A Debt of Honour," which is based on the same author's early and powerful one-act drama, "In Honour Bound," which he wrote years ago, and which has never lost its hold as a *lever de rideau*. This, too, is a story of English life of to-day,

but it is more serious in intention than Mr. Frith's frank and interesting "drawing-room melodrama," with which class of piece we hope he will not cease to provide us, for a good example of this class is a dish of standing popularity. Mr. Frith, ere this, has proved his capacity for deeper work, so no question of pride need stand in his way.

Mr. Tree, restlessly energetic as ever, has hardly finished rubbing his eyes after his "Midsummer Night's Dream," than he buries himself in the prolonged slumber of "Rip Van Winkle." The beauties of the former have not begun to pall upon the public, and the date of its withdrawal is not yet thought of; but Mr. Tree is hard at work thinking out the possibilities of the sleep of Rip on the Katskill Mountains. With himself as Van Winkle, Miss Lily Hanbury as Gretchen, and Mr. Franklin McLeay as Derrick, the cast promises to be of that great interest which, somehow or other, the manager of Her Majesty's seems able always to import into his enterprises. The younger generation of actor-managers are not content to surround themselves with a body of players which never varies, but seek to give each new effort a fresh vitality by the introduction of new figures.

Sir Henry Irving's determination to revive "Olivia" as his opening programme on his welcome return to the Lyceum, instead of producing the new play on the subject of St. Bartholomew's, as expected, is playing what should prove to be a safe card. There are no more popular characters in the repertoire of him and Miss Ellen Terry than the Vicar and Olivia, and the public, faithful to its old friends amid the distractions of its new, will surely rush to the support of Sir Henry and his companions.

It will be interesting to note the successors of those who have made the characters of the play famous in the past, particularly the successor of the late William Terriss and Mr. Alexander in the part of Squire Thornhill. Will it be Mr. Frank Cooper, who recently has been "leading juvenile"—as the professional term has it—at the Lyceum? Or will it be Mr. Robert Taber, who pleased so thoroughly as the Czarewitch in "Peter the Great," in Sir Henry's production, and as Macduff in "Macbeth," when Mr. Forbes Robertson revived it at the same house? Mr. Taber should prove a capital Thornhill; his performance of Claverhouse in "Bonnie Dundee" at the Adelphi demonstrated his gallantry and attraction as a young hero, though Thornhill, perhaps, hardly comes under that heading. Still, he has much in common with the virtuous young hero, except that he is quite a considerable villain.

The Haymarket, secure in the success of its delightful revival of "The Rivals"—following the success of its hardly less delightful revival of "She Stoops to Conquer"—will not have to think of a change of programme for some time, but when a change is necessary it will be found in "The School for Scandal." If we can judge of the *post hoc* by the *ante hoc*, great success as was the first and greater success as is the second, for the third of these revivals is reserved the greatest success of all. The Haymarket management have arranged their reproductions on a crescendo scale—as "The Rivals" has always been more popular than "She Stoops," so has "The School" ever been more popular than either of them. And Miss Winifred Emery as Lady Teazle should be incomparable among the actresses of her time, though she could not embody the character more alluringly and more completely than she embodied the characters of Kate Hardcastle and Lydia Languish. But, in the case of Mr. Cyril Maude, should he decide on playing Sir Peter—as surely he will—we should find our inimitable comedian more admirably fitted to a character than before, diverting as he was as Mr. Hardcastle and is as Acres.

Wyndham's Theatre will assume a position of even greater importance than belongs to it as the headquarters of Mr. Charles Wyndham, for here will be performed for the first time in London the English version of the most notable play (with the exception of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray") of the decade, "Cyrano de Bergerac." The "trial trip" in the provinces has prepared us in some measure for it, but a metropolitan representation can never be discounted by a country production. Mr. Wyndham as Cyrano, Miss Mary Moore as Roxane, Mr. Giddens as Raguénau—a character he will impersonate for the first time—will find a critical, but a generous, audience awaiting them.

PHŒBUS.





## The New Forest in Spring.

IT is a very sad thing that whenever we English folk have a beautiful possession we are never quite satisfied until it is spoiled either in the name of utility or beauty. The Public Works Minister has not yet been able to lay out the New Forest with flower beds of scarlet geraniums, with borders of calceolaria or lobelia, or to erect shelters of ironmongers' Gothic villas in the name of beauty, but something has been done in the way of forming the forest in the name of utility, which has worked no good. In a crowded country such as ours, a bit of wild Nature, sadly curtailed though it be, is invaluable. To the tourist or tripper the very wildness is its charm; the deep glades, the deer which flash across his path, and the rare birds which still haunt the forest are sources of delight. It is, indeed, wonderful how the love for real instead of artificial Nature has spread, and to this such papers as COUNTRY LIFE and the Camera have contributed greatly. The love of wild Nature is still spreading, and even now I think the New Forest is safe from further vandalism or encroachment. It would, perhaps, only be fair to say that the South-Western Railway has done something by making the forest accessible. All that is needed in the forest is to leave it alone, Nature will do her share, and the deer, which, by the way, do not exist at all by Act of Parliament, and the half wild ponies will do the rest by providing life and movement in the foreground. These thoughts were suggested to me by the sight of a certain sunken fence which surrounds one of the enclosures, in which trees have been planted. Now the site of this plantation was chosen with peculiar perversity, so as to exclude one of the most beautiful views. Some lovers of the picturesque protested against the fence, not against the trees. No one seems to have thought of them; so a sunken fence was made and all parties were satisfied, but, of course, the trees grew and the prospect is gone. So, too, though the deer are abolished by Act of Parliament, they yet exist, and the Master of the Deerhounds holds a licence to kill them if he can find any. They not only live, but increase slightly, and can be hunted throughout the season, save in October and February. No one who hunts in the New Forest in spring should miss the tufting, for in the first place it is on some days the chief part of the sport, and in any case it leads one through the most lovely and unexpected beauties of the woods. On a recent Monday it was a long business. We soon found, but only young deer, not yet of a huntable age, the older harboured buck having made himself scarce. Then it was a long trot to Green Pond, and here the one-horse people allowed the tufters to go on, and waited on the hill. It was a long wait, but the wide extent of view and the changing tints of an English April gave employment to the eyes and thoughts. Then came up from the valley the ringing notes of the tufters running hard, and then two nice young bucks went away almost close to our place, and not far from where the pack was waiting concealed in the heather. A few minutes later an eager whipper-in in green, on a hot and much-splashed horse, came up and told us that the tufters had been stopped off a big buck, and that the pack and second horses were to go down to him, and so we all followed by winding ways into the very depths of Slowden (or was it Stuffer?) until at last we found the Master waiting. We met at twelve, it was now four, and we had waited all this time; but now we had our reward, as the pack raced through the deep woods. The rides in these woods are fair going, and lured by the music of the pack we rode up and down, and then into the open down a most boggy-looking path, and I fell back and let one who knows go before me. It is all quite safe, though it does not look like it, and a few turns bring us back to the pack, racing over the dark heather into another enclosure, and once again bursting into a loud chorus as they go. But what is that? A sound of dread to the ears of stag-hunters enjoying a run, the pack has divided, and hounds are running on each side of the ride, and so the run fades into nothing, for the very motto of the deer family when hunted might be "There is safety in numbers."

There is no sportsman, not I think even the angler, in whose breast hope springs so eternal as in the fox-hunter's. Each morning as he buckles on his spurs, he believes that before night there will have been the run of the season, and, what is more important to him, he will have seen it. If we balanced up our day's sport there would often seem to be but a small pennyworth of good bread to much indifferent sack. If I may illustrate my own experience last Wednesday, I travelled for four hours altogether, out and back, and that on the South-Western Railway, a company whose contemptuous disregard for the comfort of the passengers who pay its rather high rate of fares is little short of a scandal. It is not the slowest, but it is certainly by far the most uncomfortable line to travel on. I have hunted on the Great Western and the Great Eastern; but this is a digression, stirred by the indignant memory of many wrongs. Then I rode about in a gale and driving rain from 11.30 to 4 p.m., and of this time we were galloping for barely twenty minutes.

It was impossible to spare two days, both Tuesday and Wednesday, and I had to choose, and chose wrong, for Tuesday was the better day with the foxhounds. But a double motive moved, me for I wanted to see a different country, and as a matter of fact Tuesday was spent in the same quiet woods as last week. That the Forest attracts many people is plain, for the fixture at Ocknell Pond on Tuesday brought together sportsmen from various quarters, including the Adjutant-General, Sir Reginald Graham, Lord Rawcliffe, and General Bushman. The day began well, for we were not long in finding a fox. There was a most undoubted scent, and for a brief, too brief, twenty minutes we heard hounds, for it was in the woodland, and they were invisible. But at last the woods grew thinner, and we dashed over a rotten bank into the open. The fox had flashed out and back again to ground. Sir Reginald Graham, who saw him go in, declared that he was mangy, and he was therefore dug out and killed. Then we drew over miles of open heather and bog, but by this time a gale had arisen, in which no self-respecting fox would stay out in the open, and as the weather grew worse our chances were less, and eventually, in a driving mist, I went home. Yet unchanged is my conviction that hunting in the New Forest is the very poetry of the sport of fox-hunting.

## LITERARY NOTES.

ONCE, when I wrote my literary notes from Paris, it occurred to me to let out the secrets of the prison house so far as to explain the difficulties under which I laboured. Moreover, I had luck that time, for I happened upon Daudet's funeral. The present situation is worse, but it has its compensations. I am in Dublin, a spectator of the wonderful successes of the Queen's visit, which have nothing on earth to do with literature except that one or two of the young bloods of Celtic school, poets and the like, are disgracing

themselves and their country. It is Holy Week, which means that all the ordinary matter to form COUNTRY LIFE, with the exception of a few favoured columns, must be delivered for the printers very early. All that is bad. But the compensation is that some very accomplished persons, men whose conversation sparkles with diamonds of wit and literary knowledge, are gathered together. They are kind enough to admit me to their society.

Our conversation turned this morning upon the *Sphere*—I have not seen nor will I see the *Spear*—and on the clever literary letter by "C. K. S." whom everybody knows, which appears in it, and particularly on this sentence: "Charles Dickens has been abused for stereotyping the objectionably vulgar phrase, 'our mutual friend,' but he was quite entitled to do so. The words were not put into the mouth of an educated man." The defence, it was generally agreed, might have been carried further. The essence of mutuality is, of course, interchange and not community. So, in effect, says the well-worn dictionary of the hotel which was pressed into service. So all such phrases as "mutual acquaintance" and the like are strictly incorrect. But usage has something to say in the matter, and mutual, in the wrong use, is such a convenient word that one would rather like to see the wrong use even more prevalent than it is.

So the conversation drifted to purism, and the cleverest of us all, a very brilliant and fanciful writer, expounded his views. "I like," he said, "to write correctly, but I am often tempted to write loosely out of sheer spirit of revolt. The young pedants and purists, who know grammar and syntax, and a few stilted words and nothing else, provoke me into retaliation. I sometimes split my infinitives in a spirit of defiance, because I know it will rouse the scorn of these young fellows of the Tail." "And what," I asked, "is the Tail?" He answered at once, "A great man arises, a Stevenson, a Henley, a real master of style, and with a message to deliver. Round him gathers a body of disciples and imitators, with nothing on earth worth saying in their minds, with a soul which cannot rise above the supercilious contemplation of a split infinitive as high treason to literature, or of an archaic word as a gem. The very sight of 'tis and of 'twas, used by a whipper-snapper in literature, rouses my ire." And all agreed, and then we went on to deplore the fact that because the great ones touched now and again upon a subject not entirely pure, the Tail fell into the error of supposing that art and impurity were necessarily synonymous.

Although my next words deal with a work by one of the most ardent of Mr. Henley's disciples, and although the subject is not merely Rabelaisian but actually Rabelais himself, it must not be supposed that Mr. Charles Whibley is included under the somewhat contemptuous expression the Tail. Few men of our day, indeed, have half his cleverness or his originality or his industry in research into subjects which are not every man's meat. I do not pretend to have read his introduction to "Rabelais" (the Tudor translations), and I shall probably never do so. There is enough of it, for my purposes, in a very entertaining article in the *Academy*. Very interesting are the references to that strange person Urquhart who "knew Rabelais to the bone. Rabelais was drunk with new words. So was Urquhart"; and these words, "appetising suggestive, marvellous suggestive" are delightful. It is pleasant to run through the list of them and to think how useful some of them might be now. Here are some of the best: Cunniborow (rabbit-hole, but Urquhart applied it to any crack or cranny in his own frame), Condisciple, Hydropic, Empoison, Nectarian, Disposure, Mirific, Plangorous, Condescendments, belammed, Imburse. These are the best of them. They carry their meaning on their face, and they would be useful, or to quote an Urquhartian word, "behooful," on occasion. But the pity of it is that, Mr. Whibley having opened the door of the Treasure house, the Tail will enter and pilfer, and in due course weary us with, to quote Urquhart again, "short and twattle verses."

So, according to Mr. Shorter, the *Pall Mall Magazine* is in the market. That really is a very sad piece of news. Mr. Astor, presumably, would not place this beautiful piece of literary property on the market if it were bringing in a handsome profit. On the other hand, if Mr. Astor cannot afford to keep the *Pall Mall Magazine* anybody else would be likely to find it an expensive luxury, and one begins to fear that the best magazines in England, as in America, may be on the downward path. If so it is to be regretted for many reasons. For these are the magazines which have permanent value, and these are the ones which pay artist and writer generously.

Mr. Arnold White, in search of a word which shall include Canadians, Australians, Cape Colonists, New Zealanders, and British under one category, is probably right when he agrees with Lord Strathcona that the words colony and colonist carry with them some suspicion of contempt. But it is impossible to accept his suggestion that "Britisher" might serve our need. That was in its origin a word of scorn, and, besides, it is formed horribly. One might as well say Englishier, or Frenchier. Anglo-Saxon being too long, and also not covering the Celtic races, I think Briton might be adopted. True, it does not cover Ireland, but then nor does Britisher, and Briton is clearly the better word of the two.

Books to order from the library:

- "A Sister to Evangeline." Charles G. D. Roberts. (John Lane.)
- "The Accused Princess." Allen Upward. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
- "The Kings of the East." Sidney G. Grier. (Blackwood and Sons.)
- "The Life of Edward Fitzgerald." John Glyde. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
- "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen, Sophie Dorothea, Consort of George I." W. H. Wilkins. (Hutchinson and Co.)

LOOKER-ON.



THIS week, owing to the Easter holidays, I have comparatively few notes to add to my last week's letter. But I should like to say a word or two in compliment to Messrs. Pratt for the comfort of Alexandra Park, and more particularly for its freedom from a class of racegoers who are a nuisance to lovers of the sport who wish to take their pleasure with safety to pocket, life, and limb. Perhaps I ought to say that I have not the smallest interest in the park in any way, and am moved to this testimony partly by a sense of gratitude and partly because I hope that other race-course managers who make large profit

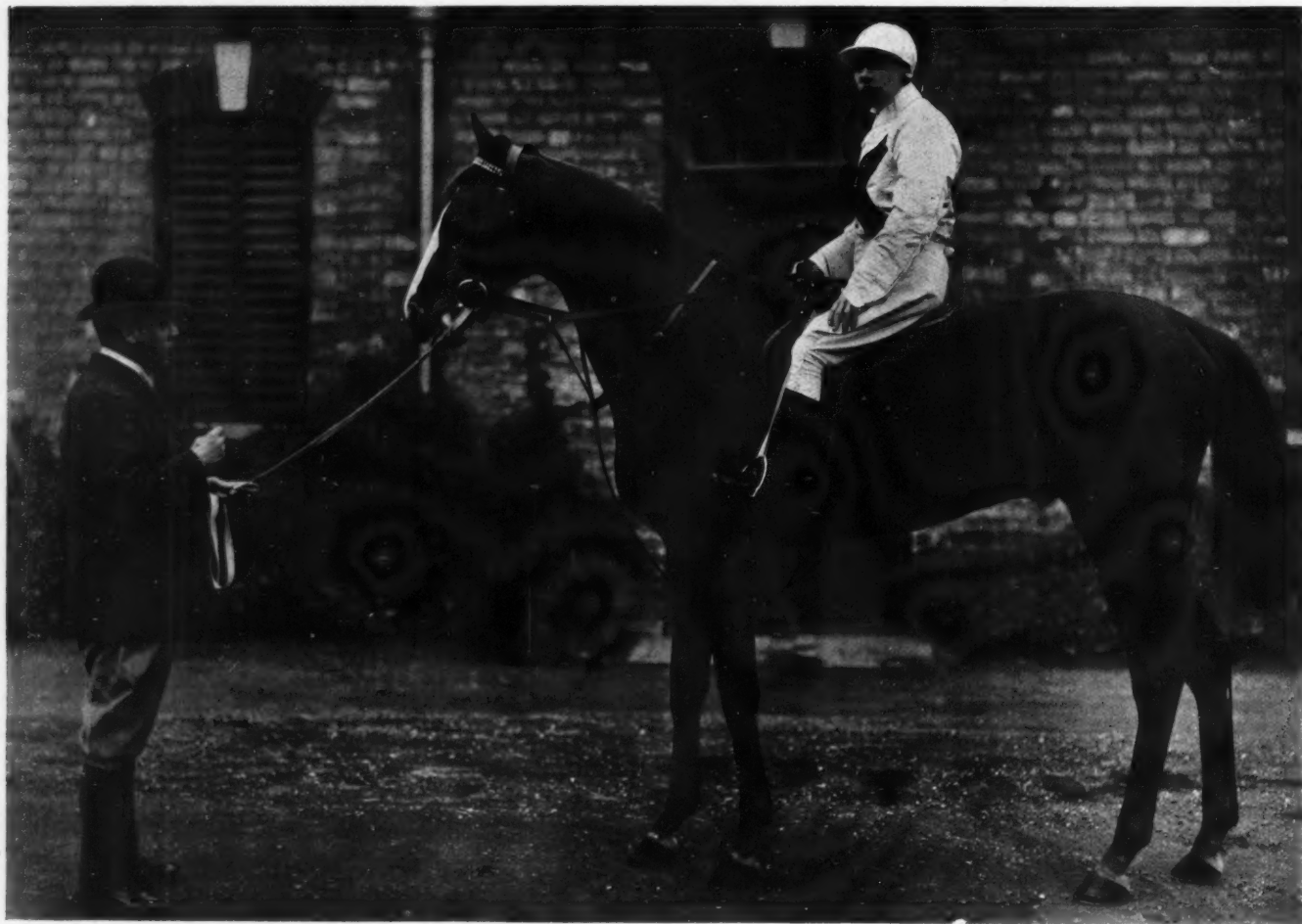
will see their way to make like endeavours for our comfort. What one firm can do, surely others can achieve by the same methods.

The death of Mr. R. H. Combe makes the following nominations void: For the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks, the filly by Orvieto out of Imogene, and for the Oaks, the filly by Orvieto out of Pyramid. It may be well to recall the claims of this sire to notice. He is beautifully bred, being a half-brother to Ormonde, by Benl Or out of Napoli, her dam by Thormanby. The latter horse has transmitted to his descendants the fine staying power and constitution which marked the great chestnut, and it is a most valuable strain. So far Orvieto's success has only been moderate, but one of his fillies won the Ascott Plate at Northampton a fortnight ago in very good style.

Neither of the Northern Handicaps has secured large entries, but the possible presence of the Duke of Westminster's Missel Thrush at Manchester and of Calveley in the Northumberland Plate will give an interest to those

than a commercial point of view, are deeply interested in horse-breeding and the Government encouragement. Personally I am not in favour of direct Government interference in the shape of studs such as we see in Austria and France. But I should like to see stallions and brood mares registered and inspected, and the Government buying suitable horses direct from the breeders. All that is required is the appointment of men with knowledge and integrity, and an absence of ignorant intervention on the part of the War Office.

Forfarshire, of whom we give a likeness this week, has already been mentioned in our racing notes. The photograph here reproduced was taken towards the end of last year, and gives a good idea of the size and scope of the reigning Derby favourite. It has been said that Forfarshire is somewhat leggy and peacocky, but though his great size gives some colour to the idea, it is only necessary to see the colt at work to feel that he must, sound and well, have a great career before him. Though so big he is not unwieldy, and moves with the



W. A. Rouch.

### THE DERBY FAVOURITE.

FORFARSHIRE AND HIS TRAINER, WITH S. LOATES UP.

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races. I was not struck with Missel Thrush at Kingsclere, but that was because I had gone prepared to see greater improvement in the colt than has taken place. Calveley will always have a great chance in any handicap for which he accepts, but he will not be seen at Kempton.

Turning back to the past racing, since I last wrote the most interesting feature of the second day at Derby was the win of Mr. Wallace Johnstone's Creuzot in the Derbyshire Plate in the hands of Wetherall, who rode a good race, throwing no chances away. The point of interest is, however, the success of Carbine as a sire, which has been a good deal questioned. The idea now seems to be that the Carbines come to hand late, and do not show what they are till their second season. It will be interesting to see if this is so in fact. It is so easy to build up theories about horses and breeding on slender foundations. Anyhow it would be wonderful if Carbine did not sire a few winners, seeing that he has had such chances at Welbeck. If Creuzot proves himself, as I expect he will, a good colt, surely some credit is due to Normanina, his dam, the beautiful daughter of St. Simon. The Prince of Wales has presented Anthony with a handsome whip in recognition of the good race he rode in the Grand National and also with the more solid gift of £500. The two Grand National horses Montauk and Hidden Mystery are at work again. It will be interesting to see the latter's next appearance in public.

The two days' racing at Nottingham was noticeable chiefly for the eccentricities of form produced by the starting-gate and the generally excellent arrangements at Colwick Park. Two races were certainly won owing to the smart way in which Rickaby, who seems to have mastered the secret of a good start from the gate better than the other jockeys, slipped away directly the barrier flew up. Rickaby deserves every credit. The gate does not impress me with the goodness of the starts it produces, and there was a nasty accident in the Robin Hood Stakes when Alms and the Autumn Rose filly got mixed up with the tapes, and S. Loates, the rider of the latter, had to be cut out. In the end Corn Flag, an outsider ridden by young Charles Archer, won. The winner is by Watercress. Though favoured by accident, she galloped in such good style and won so cleverly that the race must be counted to her on her merits. She will probably do well for Charles Archer, in whose name she ran.

With the strictures on the Remount Department in *Land and Water* and the *Sportsman* I heartily agree. Racing men, who look on the sport from other

lightness and freedom of a pony. Since the photograph was taken Forfarshire has wintered well, and has improved as much as his trainer and owner could wish. The chestnut colt by Royal Hampton out of Elizabeth has come on as well as any other of the leading Derby candidates, and is not unlikely to credit his owner with the Blue Riband of 1900. We shall watch his preparation with interest, and are able to say that so far he has fulfilled the high hopes formed of him at the close of last season.

VEDETTE.

## Photographic Competition.

ON account of the great success that attended our recent Photographic Competition, and the interest it created amongst a large number of the readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, many of whom sent photographs of high artistic merit, it has been decided, in order to further encourage the art, which is so eminently suited to lovers of country life, to begin another competition for

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPRING SUBJECTS.

The beautiful effects to be obtained in the garden at this season of the year are varied, and although the following short list by no means covers the whole ground, it will suggest the class of subject that may be worthy of the attention of intending competitors:

**Spring Flowers.**—Particularly the artistic effects obtained by growing Narcissi, Scillas, Tulips, and other flowers in meadow grass, or beneath trees, by man and by Nature.



**Spring Flowers on the Rock Garden.**—To show effects not merely of many kinds, but of individual flowers in pretty aspects.

**Spring Flowers in the Border,** or massed upon the lawn or in beds.

**Spring Flowers in the Shrubbery.**

For the best set of not less than twelve photographs a prize of

### FIVE POUNDS

will be awarded.

The photographs should be silver prints—preferably on printing-out paper—not smaller than half-plate size, and should be carefully packed, and addressed to the Editor in a parcel bearing the words "Photographic Competition" on the outside. For the purpose of identification each individual photograph must be clearly marked with the name and address of the competitor, but no responsibility for the safe keeping of the competing photographs can be accepted, although every care will be taken to return safely any unsuccessful photographs if stamps for this purpose are enclosed.

It is understood that all reproduction rights of the successful photographs will pass to the Proprietors of COUNTRY LIFE, and, if required, the negatives of these pictures will be given up to them. The Proprietors also reserve to themselves the right to make use of any of the unsuccessful photographs upon payment of from 5s. to 10s. 6d. for each picture published, according to their idea of merit.

The Competition will close on June 21st, and the decision of the Editor, which will be final and without appeal, will be announced as early as possible after this date.

## ON THE GREEN.

THE present moment is rather an interesting one in the history of golf, for it is the moment at which we are seeing, or are about to see, the conflict between the old and new schools. The old school (it is not really old, and "present school" would describe it better; at all events until we have one of the younger men as amateur champion) is composed of golfers like Mr. Ball, the late Mr. Tait, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Leslie Balfour Melville, Mr. Hutchinson, and so on. These, we may say, one and all, played golf according to the tradition received from St. Andrews, played consciously according to that tradition. But there is a newer school, no doubt with the same origins for its golfing tradition, but far less conscious of the origin, that is just coming to such maturity that it can wage a good fight with the older forces. These are the University golfers that have done so well of late. No team of the clubs they have visited has seemed able to stand up against the Oxford team of this year, and the Cambridge team, no less, has accounted for the defeat of some very strong sides (notably they did well in a match, though they lost it, at mid-Surrey); yet this Cambridge team Oxford beat by a number of holes that is historical; and then there is the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, a very formidable combination of graduates of both Universities. These young fellows, who have learnt most of their game far from the great centres, are just beginning to find out how powerful they are, and it only needs that they should be conscious of their power to impress it on their opponents—opponents of the very highest class, too. There are few golfers of repute whom the younger Mr. Ellis has not met, and scarcely one that has not come off with something the worst of the encounter. Nevertheless, the chief wonder is, not that the new school is now about to dispute the supremacy of the old, but rather that it has not disputed it seriously a long while ago.

Of Harry Vardon in the States the accounts are still that he is doing good work. It is not to be wondered at that he should have beaten Dunn by a great number of holes. Rather we should have been surprised had he beaten him by many less. There are rumours of a defeat suffered by Vardon at the hands of two others, whether amateurs or professionals does not appear, playing their better ball against him. But such a defeat as this carries no sting. It is rather a confession of his great force that the side opposed to him should have to receive this heavy handicap to help it.

There was no striking exhibition of the talent of the new school in the competition for the Kashmir Cup of the Royal North Devon Club, though all the best of the new were attracted there by the occasion of matches between teams of the local club and of the Hoylake Club against a strong team of the

Oxford and Cambridge Society. Of the Hoylake players Mr. Hilton was the most notable, with Mr. Ball far away, and the younger Mr. Ellis was in the van of the Universities' lot, and in truth he did perhaps the most remarkable golf of the day, taking 16 holes in the fine score of 70 in the morning round; but he came to dire grief at the seveneenth hole, which cost him 11 strokes, and his total came to 87. Meanwhile Mr. Hilton, much bothered by the keen greens, which were swept by a strong north-west breeze, had taken 91 to the round, Mr. Horace Hutchinson was 90, and there were two at 89. In the afternoon Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Osmond Scott all put in an 85; and this, with Mr. Scott's 91 in the morning, put Mr. Hutchinson just winner by a stroke, with Mr. Hilton and Mr. Scott equal for second place. Mr. Ellis in the afternoon, after a fair start, went all adrift, and was not in the running. But this victory is scarcely a discovery of new talent.



### THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Whilst thoroughly appreciating the frank admission of the writer of your report that he is a person of the darkest blue prejudice, may I remind him of the fact that until last year the Oxford men had been regularly coached for several seasons by Mr. Lehmann, a Cambridge man, under whose tuition they flourished during the period of the Light Blues' adversity, and that Mr. Fletcher, who so chivalrously coached our men in 1899, was in these boats. I may also add that the fortunate occupants of seats in the umpire's launch, who were practically the only people who were this year in a position to see when Cambridge finished, all record the time as being well within (about 2sec.) the Oxford record; that the time given by several of, but not all, the papers was taken by an unofficial watch-holder from a steamer about a quarter of a mile from the finish, and may, therefore, be accepted with reserve; and that unfortunately there is not an official reporter for this race. Is it not farcical to ignore times, if times go for anything in a contest of such varying features as a boat race, when they are taken by men, some of them Oxonians, who occupied places in the umpire's boat, and accept those of a gentleman who clocked under exceptional difficulties? My great object in addressing you, however, is to distinctly prove that the true principles of oarsmanship may be instilled by a Cambridge man into the mind of an Oxonian, and transmitted by the latter to Light Blue oarsmen, as evinced by the chivalrous Mr. Lehmann and Mr. Fletcher. I may add, too, that Mr. Lehmann coached Cambridge last year as well as Mr. Fletcher.—DR. CAIUS.

### ST. PATRICK'S RESTING-PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The memorial stone which is being placed to mark St. Patrick's resting-place is a rough, weather-beaten boulder of granite, taken from the mountain-side of Slieve-na-Largie, near Castlewellan, where it rested at a height of some 600ft. above the sea level. The block weighs about seven tons, and upon its upper surface has been incised an Irish cross, faithfully reproduced from one cut on an equally rough unhewn stone found on Iniscaraum, one of the Islands of Lough Ree, on the Shannon, and not far from the famed Clonmacnoise, where St. Diarmid founded an ecclesiastical settlement about the middle of the sixth century. The name "Patric" has been cut on the stone in Irish characters, copied from the earliest known manuscripts. This simple but massive treatment is considered to be a near approach to the form of grave slab which would have been used about the fifth century, at the date of the saint's death.—PATRICK.

### EASTER EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The colouring of Easter eggs, one of the few pleasant old survivals of Roman Catholic England, ought to be a far greater joy and delight to English children than as at present understood, or rather forgotten. Now we have sham French eggs with sweets or presents inside them. This is all wrong and stupid. The good Easter egg of old days was a real egg, boiled hard, but coloured in all sorts of delightful hues by the children or their friends, who made presents of them. In Northumberland alone the art of dyeing Easter eggs, or "Past eggs," as they call them, probably a corruption of "Pâques' eggs," still survives as a country custom. They are dyed lovely colours under the children's very eyes. Some are bright red, dyed with cochineal; others pure rich clouded brown, made by the outer peels of onions; others violet, with logwood; or yellow, with saffron; or green, with spinach juice; or parti-coloured, by lying on bits of silk. The most exciting of all are eggs dyed by fastening flowers on to them with bits of silk thread, for no one knows what tints these may give.—J. C.

### A GARDEN IN WALES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you care to insert this photograph in COUNTRY LIFE, the charming paper to which we look forward every week? It is the picture of the garden at our little shooting lodge, Foel, in North Wales, a garden in which I have worked a very great deal myself. This picture was taken in September, and the place is about 800ft. above the sea level.—EDITH MOULD.

### MIRRORS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At last an enterprising riding-master has decided to open a riding-school which shall be fitted with a large number of full-length mirrors. For the last



ten or twelve years at least I have advocated the establishment of such a school, but the riding-masters one and all declared, when the suggestion was made to them, that they would lose many of their pupils if the latter were to be shown what they looked like on horseback. A shrewd American, however, recently started a "mirror riding-school," as he calls it, in Philadelphia, which has proved so unqualified a success that in all probability there will soon not be a riding-school in London without one or more large mirrors. Had the "mirror school" been established in town long ago we should assuredly have been spared the painful exhibitions of horsemanship to be seen in the park so often, especially on Saturday afternoons. No man or woman likes to look ridiculous in a public place, and if only the men and women to whom I allude were able to see themselves as others see them they would, out of sheer self-respect, either give up riding altogether, or else make strenuous efforts to improve their "horsemanship," or at any rate their seat upon a horse. A driving-school arranged upon this plan would prove to many a still greater boon.—S. M.

#### FLOWERS IN A LONDON GREENHOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The difficulties in my greenhouse are many and great, and yet I feel it must be possible to do more than I have hitherto managed. Darkness and dirt are the two great difficulties, and in winter the cold. The greenhouse faces due south and has an open stretch of sky in front, and the light it gets is only south and overhead. From March to October it gets the full benefit of any sun we may have from early morning till about four in the afternoon; but in spite of this it seems very dark, as the sun does not always shine, and the houses around are high. In the winter I have a gas-stove, but am obliged to keep a bit of window open all day and a door into the house at night, as otherwise the gas dries the air too much; consequently the temperature on very cold nights drops very low, though it has never actually gone down to freezing. I have found it impossible to keep the place even green; most plants die in the winter, and those that live just live, but don't grow. As a creeper *Cobaea scandens* does well, but the cold kills even the root of this. Jonquils and hyacinths succeed well, but they last so short a time. I succeeded in getting some small lobelia plants to flower last summer, but neither musk nor creeping jenny would do. I cannot afford to spend a lot of money on buying plants, also more than half the interest consists in growing them oneself. I have a small house, so that I am able to keep the foliage fairly clean. I should be quite content if I could keep the place even green. I should like to have the names of a creeper and some fairly inexpensive plants that would live through the winter and grow, these as sort of stock to have always there, and the names of any plants that I might buy small, that I might grow and flower in succession through the year, except in August and September, when I am out of London. The house is quite small, and I cannot have a lot of plants that die down in the winter, as I have nowhere to put them; so that the stock plants ought to be things that last, little plants that one grows, and flowers can, of course, be thrown away. I might mention that scarlet geranium does not do well; it grows very tall and straggling, and it loses its lower leaves. But I could do without flowers if I could keep the place full of green that would grow and look wholesome. The gas-stove is the new syphon kind and has water on the top, and it does not appear to injure anything so long as either a little piece of door or window is always open. I fear I have troubled you with a very long letter, but I felt that it would really save you trouble if I told you all the conditions.—C. A. BAYNES.

[We shall be pleased if any correspondent who has been placed in a similar difficulty would kindly offer advice. Our correspondent's troubles are great. Nothing seems to grow, not even creeping jenny and scarlet geranium, two of the most easily managed plants in existence. We fear that either the management is completely at fault or the gas-stove is responsible for the dropping of leaves and general ill-health. We have no great opinion of gas as a means of heating plant houses; its fumes are most injurious, and are sure to escape, no matter how carefully constructed the stove may be. It seems to us that the only thing you can do is to grow plants commonly seen in windows and

halls. As bulbs are such a success, get a quantity of these, and you may extend the list by including scillas, crocuses, snowdrops, *Iris reticulata*, *Chionodoxas*, tulips, and get, too, a greater variety of daffodils. As you wish for "greenery," grow the aspidistra, *Aralia Sieboldi*, date palm, *Corypha australis*, and a variety of ferns. *Pteris cretica*, *P. c. albo-lineata*, *Asplenium bulbiferum*, *Onychium japonicum*, and some of the finer hardy ferns should succeed well. We are

really puzzled to know how to help you out of your difficulties. You might try *Ficus repens* upon the wall of the house.—Ed.]

#### CHINESE SACRED LILY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I notice in your issue of March 10th the failure of your correspondent to get satisfactory results from the Chinese sacred lily or Joss lily. In my opinion this Joss or sacred lily has been very much over-rated, and if your readers would only grow the ordinary varieties of the *Polyanthus Narcissus* in the same way they would get infinitely better results; they would get much dwarfer foliage, much more handsome trusses of bloom. I should, however, recommend that instead of growing them with stones at the bottom and then water all round about them to plant them in china jars, putting a little charcoal at the bottom, and then filling up the jar with a mixture of plain cocoa-nut fibre refuse and ground oyster shell in the proportion of four parts of one and one of the other. Great care must be taken to keep this fibre moist at all times, and this is easily done by filling the jar with water about once a week, and then tipping it on one side and letting any surplus water drain off. This will keep the fibre in an even state of moisture and the bulbs will always do well, as is demonstrated by the photographs which are taken from Nature and here shown. A further advantage also of these *Polyanthus Narcissus* is that they may be obtained at a half or a quarter the money of the so-called sacred lily, which is quite a wrong name, for it is

nothing more nor less than a poor variety of the *Polyanthus Narcissus*.—ROBERT SYDENHAM.

#### EXPLOSIVE BULLETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some extraordinary remarks have been made of late concerning Dum-Dum bullets, explosive bullets, expansive bullets, shrapnel, and so forth, and apparently there are persons who think that the Dum-Dum, the explosive, and the expansive are one and the same thing. Perhaps the most peculiar statement on record in connection with the subject appeared recently in the *Western Morning News*, where a correspondent quoted an extract from a letter just received from his son at the front. The extract contained the following line: "You could hear the explosive ones (bullets) going off in the air all round you." The veriest tyro, one would have thought, must be aware that explosive bullets do not "go off in the air," that is to say, of their own accord, but are exploded by percussion upon coming into contact with some hard substance, such as a bone. The only kind of bullet capable

of exploding "in the air" was invented some years ago by a Danish engineer, who did his best to place it on the market, but failed owing to the proved untrustworthiness of his projectile. Of course there is the miniature shrapnel, patented by a man named John, but that is for use in shot-guns only, and in any case could hardly be termed an explosive bullet; besides, it bursts silently. It is to be regretted that so many fond parents unthinkingly publish extracts from letters received from their brave sons at the front, letters obviously intended by their writers to be private and confidential communications.—B. T.

#### A DONKEY TIGER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Herewith I enclose a photograph of a hyena which was shot by me a few days ago, and may be of interest to some of your readers. These animals, though not uncommon, are very seldom seen on account of their nocturnal habits. In Tamil they are called "donkey tigers," and the native "writer" on my coffee estate, who heard I had shot it but had not seen it, asked me if it was not like a donkey. The markings and shape of the animal are very clearly shown in the photograph.—A NILGIRI PLANTER.

